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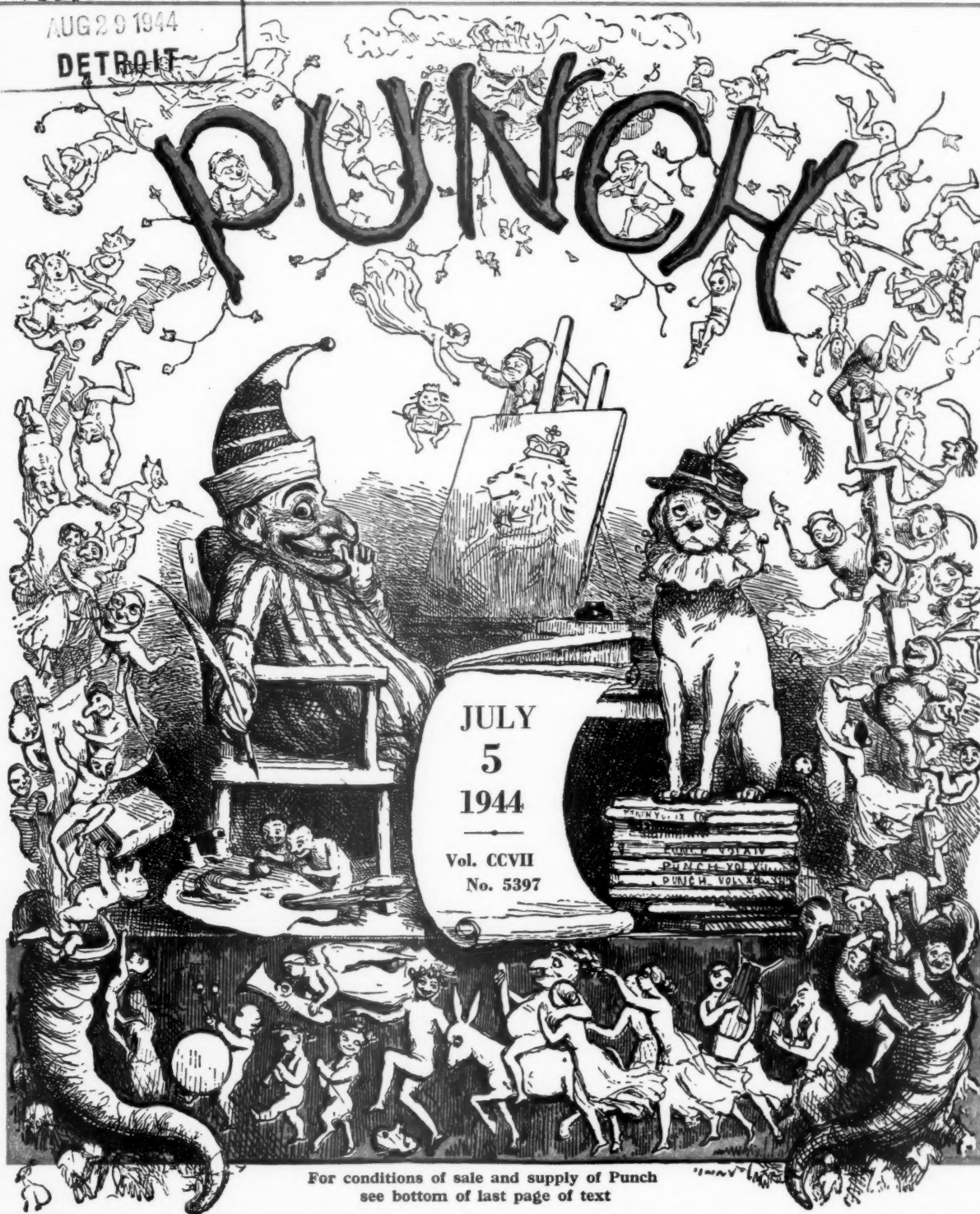


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PUNCH



JULY
5
1944

Vol. CCVII
No. 5397

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can manufacture additional machinery, equipment, appliances and precision products in its large and modern plant in Toronto. Inquiries from responsible manufacturers in the United Kingdom are invited. We can assist you in the development, engineering and manufacturing of products that fit in with our facilities.

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SECOND FRONT

Advancing armies need Y.M.C.A. mobile services
Waiting armies need Y.M.C.A. Centres

As the operations of our fighting forces proceed with speed and purpose, so the Y.M.C.A. must be ready to carry its full programme of service into new theatres of war.

The War Emergency Committee of the Y.M.C.A. has never refused the request of competent authorities for the extension of its War Services.

New equipment, stores and vehicles must be ready to serve our fighting men. A great deal of money will be needed to finance these developments.

WILL YOU HELP ?

THE NATIONAL Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICE FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

Acting - President
 The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London (Sir Frank Newson-Smith).

Please send your contribution for the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund to the Lord Mayor, The Mansion House, London, E.C.4 (Please mark your envelope "Y.M.C.A."), or 10, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, 12, enclosing a note of your name (and title) and address, so that your contribution may be acknowledged.

The Y.M.C.A. would appreciate it if you would mention "Punch" in your note.

CHATWOOD

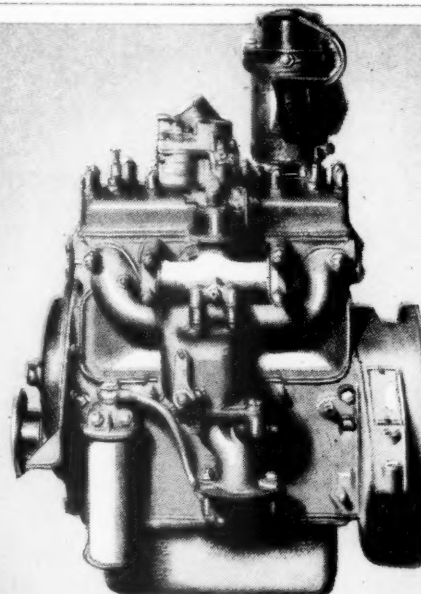
IN BOTH SPHERES



FIREPROOF • BURGLARPROOF

SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO. LTD SHREWSBURY • ENGLAND



The F.S.M., one of the Coventry Climax engines used extensively on our Godiva trailer fire-fighters.

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD., COVENTRY





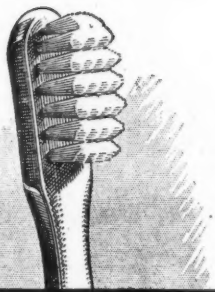
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SCRUBB & CO. LTD.

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Saves
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FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD
CLEANING NEEDS

EVERYBODY WANTS A...



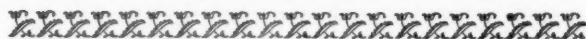
Tek TOOTHBRUSH

The strictly limited supplies are being fairly distributed — but disappointments are unavoidable.

**SO DON'T BLAME YOUR
CHEMIST**

BRISTLES; 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.
NYLON; 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d.

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.,
Slough & Gargrave T.15



AN APOLOGY

THE famous "Powder-Puff" design known by millions of women throughout the world as the symbol of perfect face powder can no longer be printed because of its gay multiplicity of colours. But it will return like other pleasant things with the other luxuries that Peace will bring.

We have had two special packs with our "Powder-Puff" design since the War began. Dealers' stocks of these will soon be exhausted and we are now presenting a third Temporary Model, as illustrated, which, in spite of its spartan simplicity, clearly proclaims the fact that the powder inside retains its pre-war quality.

No change whatsoever has been made in the Coty "Air Spun" formula or processing. The ingredients employed are of the original high standard of purity.

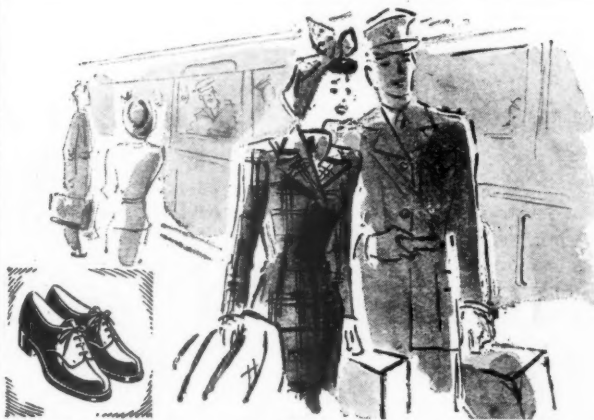
BEWARE of "Air Spun" offered loose or in any other form of pack than the three mentioned above. They can only be imitations.

New War Pack with
plain cream back-
ground in two sizes
2/6 & 4/9



Coty **"AIR SPUN"**
THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON

C.129



A sample of Liberty
town models

Liberty helps to save transport

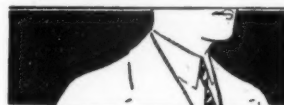
You can save the shorter station-to-station journeys if you Walk with Liberty. You enjoy the walking because Liberty Shoes make it enjoyable—and easy. Ask to see the latest Liberty models. You will be as pleased with their correct exclusiveness as with the liberty they give to your feet.

Liberty Shoes Ltd.
LEICESTER



Many
Happy
Returns
to
Schweppes

The World's most famous Collar



World-wide fame does not come undeserved. Van Heusen's popularity is due to *comfort and style*; they launder well and last longer.



**"VAN
HEUSEN"**
Regd. Trade Mark

SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

Sole Manufacturers: Harding, Tilton and Hartley, Ltd., Taunton, Somerset.



'Absence makes . . .

Well, you know the rest. Fortts BATH OLIVER Biscuits are still on sale in the shops. But supplies are restricted owing to wartime conditions. When peace is here you will again be able to have all you want.

FORTTS
Bath Oliver
BISCUITS



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V



The Builder knows...

the importance of adequate power for driving the concrete mixers, pumps, compressors and other machinery needed for building reconstruction and development. Observation of the performance of power units has convinced him that for powers of 1½ B.H.P. upwards ---

he can always rely on
Petter
ENGINES

PETTERS LTD.,

LOUGHBOROUGH, ENGLAND.



waning Waxes

... a warning

Wax has gone to war: waxes are the basis of important war materials. It follows, therefore, that less wax is available for shoe dressings—and this is the main reason why there is less Meltonian Cream to be found in the shops, as only the best grades are used in its manufacture.

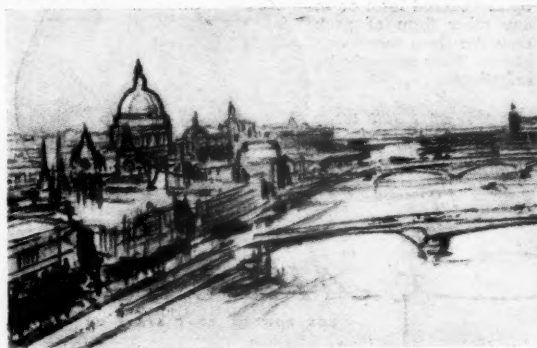
To be certain of preserving your shoes through these difficult times, use only a well-known and trustworthy brand of polish. When you are lucky enough to get hold of Meltonian Shoe Cream always screw the lid on tightly after use, then you will be able to use it to the very last spot.

MELTONIAN



By
William Walcot

Reproduced from "County of London Plan, 1943,"
by permission of the London County Council



The Challenge

"A new London cannot be built out of mere wishing . . . We shall need labour, materials and finance, but above all we shall need faith and firmness of purpose. This is the challenge."

The Right Hon. Lord Latham.

We are preparing now to meet the demands that will be made on our organisation in the rebuilding of Britain. Those who have the plans in hand are invited to avail themselves of our technical skill and resources.

HIGGS AND HILL LIMITED

Building and Civil Engineering Contractors

CROWN WORKS . . . LONDON . S. W. 8



Even now, hundreds of thousands of pre-war Radiac shirts are still giving excellent service . . . which is just as well, considering the quota restrictions and the ever-increasing demand for shirts with a reputation for quality.

If, however, you must buy a shirt, and you are lucky enough to get a Radiac, you may be sure of one thing at least . . . you've got unbeatable coupon value.

Radiac
QUALITY SHIRTS

Made by MCINTYRE, HOGG,
MARSH & CO. LTD., Shirt
Manufacturers for 100 years

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE

Under prohibition until it's all over

July 5 1944

PUNCH or The London Charivari

V

History in the making



46 years

before the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the firm of Seager Evans was founded. With a record of 139 years of fine distilling, they still produce the unrivalled

SEAGERS
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Supplied to the public through the
Retail Trade ONLY.

25/3
Full size
bottle13/3
Half
bottle

EST:

1805



WE ALWAYS MAKE

THE BEST
POSSIBLE

In Peace time
it is
**'Golden
Shred'**

Now it's
J.R.
JELLY MARMALADE

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

**It's a Robertson Product
—you can depend on it**

JAMES ROBERTSON & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works,
London • Paisley • Manchester • Bristol

Colour
Flattery

CREATED FOR YOU BY

ATKINSONS

When lovely woman stoops to the folly of using a thick, heavy face powder, the result is a dead, mask-like make-up. But pretty women who are wise use Atkinsons No. 24 Face Powder, a fragrant powder that gives an exquisite, velvety texture to the skin and brings it to life with lovely, harmonious colour. That's because each Atkinson shade has been blended to match the living skin tissue. And Atkinsons Powder is as clinging as chiffon; so try it for charming all-day beauty!

ture to the skin and brings it to life with lovely, harmonious colour. That's because each Atkinson shade has been blended to match the living skin tissue. And Atkinsons Powder is as clinging as chiffon; so try it for charming all-day beauty!

Price 4/2 (including Purchase Tax)

Shades: Rachel, Naturelle, Abricot, Ambree, Ochre-Rosee

No. 24 FACE POWDER

BY ATKINSONS, 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

AP 1A-55-55



THE illustration above shows a section of the modern kitchen of the Royal Scottish National Institution, Larbert.

This kitchen is equipped with four-oven ESSE Major Heat-Storage Cooker, ESSE Steam-Heated Boiling Pans and Ovens and Gas-Heated ESSE Fish Fryer—all in bright easily cleaned finishes.

THE ESSE COOKER CO.

Prop: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Estd. 1854

HEAD OFFICE & WORKS

BONNYBRIDGE • SCOTLAND

LONDON SHOWROOMS

43 CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Also at Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow



In these times of scarcity, Votrix Vermouth could be sold at more than twice the present price, but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime, price is not always an indication of value. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths. Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct so please ask your usual supplier.

Votrix
VermouthLittle and
good!

You get a lot
of goodness
out of a little

HöVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield



Rationing and the Newcomes

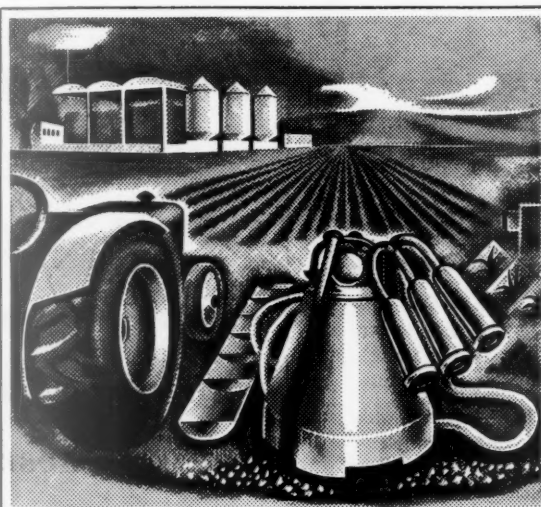
William Makepeace Thackeray—creator of the Newcomes and "Vanity Fair" lived when points and zoning were unheard of. In those days his fashionable readers could enjoy as many Romary biscuits as they pleased. To-day the distinctive quality of Romary's is still the same. But wartime restrictions limit supplies, though we look forward to the day when there'll be plenty of Romary biscuits for all.

ROMARY
'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits



*"Goodnight children
— everywhere —"*

Never still for a moment. What energy they use! Now's the time for that long refreshing sleep — a cup of OXO and off to bed.

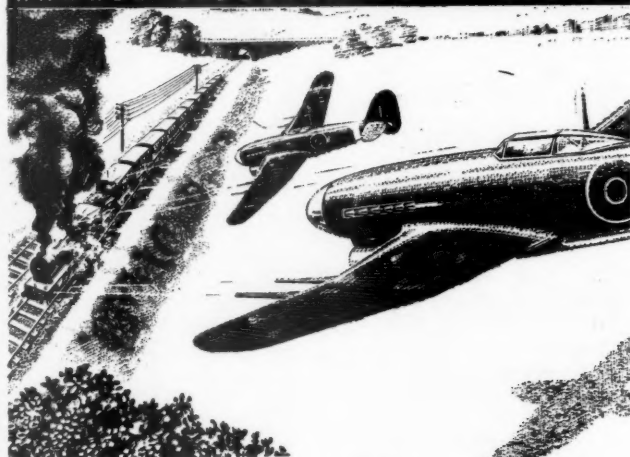


FARMER'S PROGRESS

THE farm of the future! . . . Much of our agricultural inheritance which was more picturesque than effective will have disappeared, to be replaced by modern structures designed to fit a purpose, in the attainment of which they achieve their own beauty. Farming practices, whose only merit lay in their antiquity, will be discarded; the farmhouse hoard of cash and notes for business transactions will give place to a banking account—an account which the Westminster Bank, with its long experience and deep insight into rural problems, is unusually well qualified to handle. In every department of the farm an ever-increasing value will be set upon efficiency, rather than tradition; already great strides have been made . . .

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

HAWKER SIDDELEY—ACHIEVEMENTS



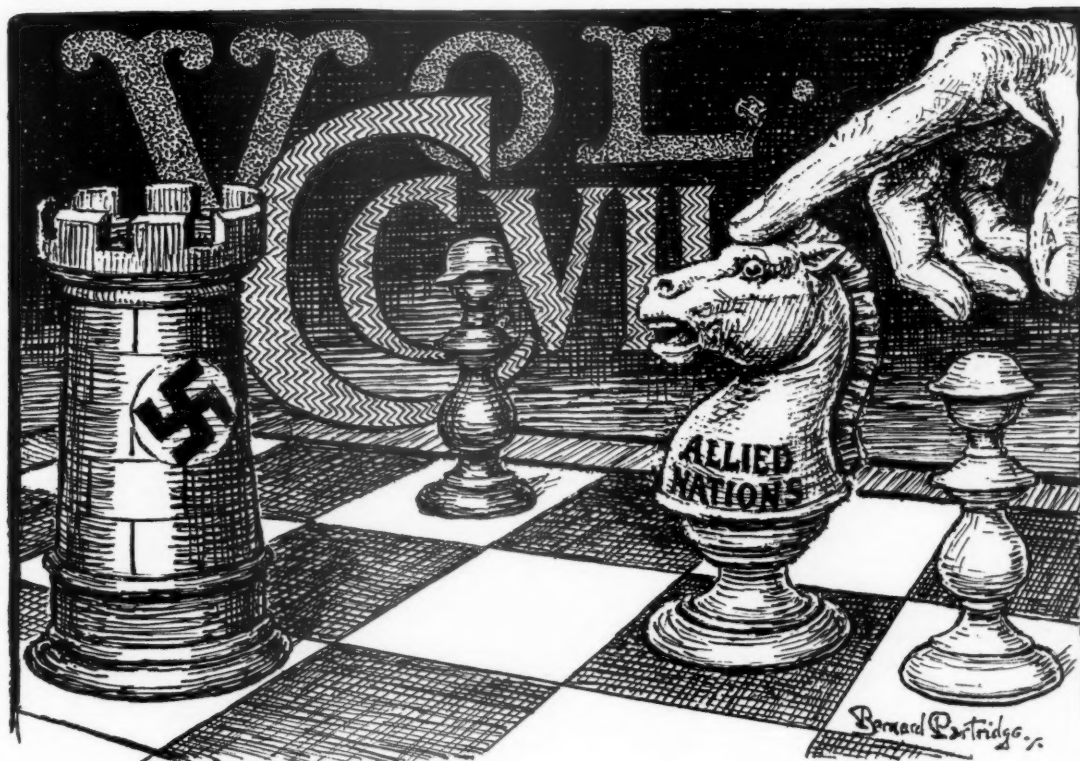
The 2.31's late!

The outstanding Hawker Typhoon (here shown shooting up an enemy goods train) is always selected for exacting jobs. Remember that your after-war Armstrong Siddeley car will be produced by the same engineering group



The story behind the post-war
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
Cars

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS—BRANCH OF HAWKER SIDDELEY AIRCRAFT CO. LTD.



Technuke

IN our village we don't take the flying bomb more serious than it ought to be taken, if you know what I mean. Only Mr. Egg. We don't all believe that flying bomb hits nothing but haystacks; same time we don't believe it goes circling round and round in the air like a great owl coming this way and that way and looking for Mr. George Egg. That's what *he* thinks.

"We all read the papers, but he reads them most, having more time between hours than what we have. We read a bit about Normandy and a bit about Italy and a bit about those Pacific islands and a bit about flying bombs. But we don't study flying bombs like Mr. Egg. One of the smallest villages in Southern England, ours is—you'll have seen it in the photographs; runs from the Old Tithe Barn at top down to church, and Squire's big house on the left, and then there's a road forks at the right and takes you away to river and bridge. Three inns we have, White Hart and Red Lion and Crown, and I'd been going to White Hart most. You get beer and sausages at White Hart, and beer and sausages at Red Lion. And then at Crown there's sausages and beer.

"Well, one day Old Bob says 'You ought to go and see Mr. Egg at Crown. It's as good as a play it is,' and I went, and I was glad I'd been and I went on going. There was old Jim there, and old Jack, and a lot of the others, and they was having a proper game.

"What about these doodle-bugs, Mr. Egg?' they says to him, very solemn, and off he goes immediate same as book.

"Directly you hears one of them things,' he says, 'you

want to go flat down on the floor, on account of the chief danger to the face and hands which is flying glass.'

"Flat on your stummick, Mr. Egg?' they say all together like in chorus, 'flat on your stummick, Mr. Egg?'

"Mr. Egg's a very big man, I ought to tell you, a very fat man is Mr. Egg, and they say that to him because they know how he's going on.

"No,' he says, 'not flat on your stummick, that's just the point, Bob. If you'd read the papers, like what I have, you'd know going down flat on the stummick's all wrong. If you go down flat on the stummick you get hurt internal, on account of the ground tremmers. You want to go down flat but sideways, in a manner of speaking, and keep your stummick well off ground.'

"That's a puzzle, Mr. Egg,' they say, scratching their heads. 'Big man like you, seems to me either you goes down flat and be blowed to your stummick, or you don't go down at all. It's one or the other, to my way of thinking,' they say.

"Well, that's what you got to do,' says he.

"So we go on and on, till someone says 'Well, if that's so, Mr. Egg, you just come out and show us how to do it. Come out from behind bar and give us a demonstration like,' and out he comes.

"Stand back and give me room,' he says. 'Now, then. It's only a matter of technuke. You puts your beer on the bar quiet but firm and you goes down quick like this, not on the stummick, but sideways,' and down he goes a great wallow on the floor, and the sawdust flying, and we not



"And this is my husband's little den."

laughing out loud, but only inside like to encourage him, and someone at back pipes up:

"I didn't just see how you did that, Mr. Egg. I didn't quite get the technuke of it. Could you do it over again for me?" and if they was lucky he did.

"Seems it had got so that if they treated him serious enough they could get Mr. Egg to go flopping down on the floor two three times every night, and matinees thrown in, and if he wasn't coming along proper you only had to say 'Ah, but you didn't guard your stummick proper that time, Mr. Egg, there was a good part of it on the floor,' and up he'd get and do it all over again. And old Jim is rather a one for poetry and he made a song about it:

I'm not very certain
If we're alertin'
Or if we have got all clear
But we're pulling the leg
Of old George Egg
Over a glass of beer;

and we sings it when we go away.

"But they was selling more beer at Crown by that time than they was at White Hart and Red Lion put together, and more sausages too.

"Then came the day when flying bomb hit old Tithe Barn, and we hadn't had one in our village till that one come. And I'm blowed if that very moment it come Mr. Egg wasn't giving one of his demonstrations in Crown to a stranger we'd brought in to see him.

"There was a great noise sudden overhead like what they always make, getting louder and louder and more fearsome like, and then it stopped, and we all ducks our heads, and there was a thundering great smack up at far end of village, and a thundering great smack on the floor. And the smack on the floor was George Egg. We was shaken a bit, and then we start laughing. There wasn't so much as a pane of glass broken in Crown, but all the windows was out at White Hart and Red Lion and post office half-way down street. Then we look at Mr. Egg and he has a great grisly cut on his hand and blood flowing, and Bob and Jim help to pick him up, and tie a bandage on him and take him back to bar parlour.

"But we didn't say anything not till after about his technuke. He'd got that all right, only one thing. He doesn't forget blast and he doesn't forget stummick. He remembers about flying glass and he remembers about ground tremmers. But he forgets to put his beer down on bar quick and firm before he fall." EVOE.

Insanity Test

IF you can answer fourteen of these correctly, that is very good; twelve is fair, ten is below the average. If you can only get six right, you are half-witted and should consult a doctor.

1. How is a zynophone operated?
2. In what country does every man have four votes?
3. What fish lives habitually on dry land?
4. What great artist painted only spiders?
5. Whose beard was used to make military blankets?
6. What is the longest journey ever made by a trout?
7. What battle was won by a charge of yaks?
8. What bird makes its nest out of gramophone needles?
9. At what temperature does moonlight change colour?
10. What famous jockey rode only a donkey?
11. What river is wider than it is long?
12. What insect grows ivory?
13. Where does choreospase come from?
14. What great reformer lived all his life in a tree?
15. What useful invention was inspired by watching snails?
16. In what river is ice formed by an increase of temperature?
17. In what latitudes is the new moon seen in the morning?

ANON.

Messenger

AS word was ringing
how the iron gates yield
the lark rose singing
from the summer field.

Singing and soaring
the song showered down
in joy-notes pouring
on field and town.

The hushed land over
in trill and shout
from freedom's lover
the news went out.



A VOTRE SANTÉ
"Here's to *Interdependence Day*!"

Charivaria

As heavy R.A.F. raids continue on the Reich Germans are beginning to wonder if Goebbels' flying-bomb propaganda is studied attentively enough in this country.

Bombing shuttle services over the Reich have been extended. It is now possible for the unhappy herrenvolk to be caught in the web as well as the warp.

A Scottish calf born with a V-sign on its forehead is raising record sums for charity. On its next tour it will be old enough to smoke a cigar too.

An Allied air raid on the Reich capital marked the third anniversary of Hitler's march into Russia. Otherwise the occasion was celebrated in Berlin very quietly.

An Austrian has been sent to a mental home because he thinks he is Germany's Fuehrer. It is being gently broken to him that Hitler still thinks Hitler is.

Weather conditions were so terrible a week or two ago that there were grave fears that the summer had broken loose from the Straits of Dover.



Owing to a last-minute change in the rota a B.B.C. announcer did not arrive at the studio in time to read the one o'clock news, which was read by a member of the news department. This was thought to be a better idea than playing a gramophone record at dictation speed.

Now there are fewer Americans in London the authorities are considering the advisability of allowing the Scots to resume residence there.



Laval is hoping that the Allies will manage to show some sort of a combined political front by the time they have reconquered France. Otherwise he just won't know which way to turn.

The latest reports from Germany suggest that the dense clouds of smoke from the flying-bomb explosions are completely fogging the Reich.

"We have no illusions," broadcast Dittmar recently. Goebbels has sharply reminded him to speak for himself.

One high-light of the war news this week is that Goebbels has begun to break it to the German people that the Wehrmacht is suffering from better weather.

Secret service agents have uncovered a new Papen plot. This unveiling is now so commonplace it is no longer a ceremony.

In America a man who bore a strong resemblance to Hitler has shaved off his moustache. He takes the gloomy view, however, that the Fuehrer may retaliate by doing the same.

A cricket match between two angling clubs was played recently for charity. It is reported that one of the umpires had the misfortune to overstretch himself while signalling a wide.

This Week's Well-Meaning Headline
"UNITY IN WAR VITAL IN PEACE—P.M."
Northern paper.

German industrialists are backing a group of anti-Hitler generals. Hitler is forced to do the same.

The Fuehrer recently heartened his troops in Normandy by paying a flying visit to the Carpathian front.



Impending Apology
"A CLEANER WAITRESS WANTED."
Notice in café window.

It is urged that the planning of new houses should be made by those who occupy them. "Unfortunately, this is not always done," says a well-known Zoo elephant.

Ltrs to Rlwy Coy

DEAR SIR/S,—I/We have now filled in my/our consignment note for our Retrnd Empty and would like you to call and consign it as soon as possible.

The case itself is large and our shop is not, at the present moment we either stand on our Empty Case in order to work the till or kneel on it when answering the telephone.

If it stands in the shop itself, not more than one customer at a time can.

You request us to state on the form whether we have any Bobbins, Carboys Skips or Cones to consign together with Our Case. We do not think so but are ascertaining.

I/We remain,
Yours faithfully,

p.p. per pro TADDLER'S EMPORIUM
(Sgnd.) J. BLADGE.

DEAR SIR/S,—Thank you for so promptly sending your carman for Our Retrnd Empty, which we are glad has at last been consigned.

Our telephone appears to work remarkably well minus mouthpiece and there being no glass shelf by the door makes more room in the shop than was the case before its removal.

Once again, thanks for your kind attention and my/our compliments to you.

I/We remain,
Yours faithfully,

p.p. per pro TADDLER'S EMPORIUM
(Sgnd.) J. BLADGE.

DEAR SIR/S,—I/We wonder if you can inform us as to whether our Retrnd Empty still remains in your Goods Yard?

We hope so, having just discovered that our one and only crowbar was inadvertently nailed inside it.

We think it must have fallen into the shavings quite unnoticed by Mr. Bladge, Mrs. Bladge or the staff who was out on the bicycle at the time.

Mrs. Bladge finished the case off with the firm's ruler, finishing that off at the same time.

We feel that we would like to get our crowbar back if at all possible in case we have more Retrnd Empties to consign at any time.

I/We remain,
Yours faithfully,

p.p. per pro TADDLER'S EMPORIUM
(Sgnd.) J. BLADGE.



"Rain before nine, fine before one—as the old rhyme do say, Zur."

DEAR SIR/S,—I/We have at last retrieved our crowbar and thank you for allowing us to visit your yard.

We are also in receipt of your further letter and are sorry to hear that you have now found that you cannot accept our Retrnd Empty since it was not delivered here by your good self/ves in the first place.

We now await its return so that we may start consigning it all over again through other channels.

Yours faithfully,

p.p. per pro TADDLER'S EMPORIUM
(Sgnd.) J. BLADGE.

Verbatim

"(B.L.): Thank you for letter of encouragement. Re last par: It was the late King George V in 1926. His words were: 'It shall no longer be called Brit Emp, but Brit C'wealth of free and equal Nations.'"

Australian paper,

"Interpretation—(1) In these Regulations the expression 'person of unsound mind' includes idiot, insane person and mental defective; except when the context otherwise requires, reference to a Collector shall include a reference to his successors."

From Statutory Rules and Orders, No. 631.
Gratuitously offensive as it may seem.

At the Pictures

FARCE AND DRAMA

It pleased some of the critics to be snooty about "the new comedian," DANNY KAYE, in *Up in Arms* (Director: ELLIOTT NUGENT), but I have to record with gratitude that two of his "speciality numbers" amused me very much indeed, and I would happily pay at any time to see and hear them again. In the first he burlesques a musical film from beginning to end, and the other is a semi-gibberish "action" song about the life of a soldier. Enormous vitality and a talent for mimicry, not particularly impressive when merely stated like that, can produce real belly-laughs when they are the attributes of a born comedian; and the real belly-laugh, involuntary, relaxed, impossible to check, is a sufficiently rare and valuable thing for many of us. (Test of a solid gold laugh: it comes quite involuntarily even when you are by yourself in the audience.)

The film as a whole, well... One doesn't criticise it seriously. As Mammoth a Mammoth Musical as has appeared for some time, it purports to be about a U.S. Army nurse smuggled, half by accident, aboard a troop-ship, and ends with a very undistinguished scene of slapstick involving the hero's capture of some Japs. There is a dream sequence (the whole thing is in Technicolor, by the way) that owes a good deal to similar ones in *Lady in the Dark*—or the other way round, I don't know which was made first. You don't need to take much notice of all this. The excuse for the piece is laughter; and a perfectly good one.

In *Our Time* (Director: VINCENT SHERMAN) is not a film I should trouble to say much about if there were anything else of particular interest; but the only other new picture is not only infinitely less well made but also did not even set out to be anything special, whereas *In Our Time* has, or at least does its best to imply that it has, the rudiments of a social and political conscience. Presenting IDA LUPINO as an English girl who marries

a Polish count shortly before September 1939, it naturally begins much more cheerfully than it ends. The mood of the picture in fact completely changes: in the first part we are invited to laugh at MARY BOLAND in the same way as if

mallows things soon become stern. After a certain amount of toying with that situation, always a favourite (though not with me), in which the Cinderella-girl is high-hatted by the husband's pompous or ill-natured relatives, we get down to the education of the peasants in mechanized farming, and the arrival of the war that deprives them of its fruits; and then the vague uplifting walking-into-the-luminous-future conclusion. The story starts a good many hares, but prudently refrains from going after them. Most of the character are stock figures; but Miss LUPINO is in this quiet part far more successful, I think, than in any such explosive and gibbering rôle as is usually given by Hollywood to anyone unwise enough to have made a name as a Great Actress or a Great Actor.

As for *Hotel Reserve*, which it is announced was produced and directed by VICTOR HANBURY, LANCE COMFORT and MAX GREENE, what is one to say, except that it is a sad waste of a good story? The makers of this British spy film obviously tried hard, and they deserve credit I suppose for trying; but it is depressing to watch the constant flat failure of tricks that by all the rules *should* have produced excitement and suspense. I found myself unmoved even by that old scene, the frantic search in the hotel bedroom when the tenant is expected to come in and interrupt it, which I had always believed a quite infallible device for quickening the pulse. On every side characters register Menace, and we regard them with mild interest only; the girl (a minor part) tries to personify Oirish charm, and we tend to be merely irritated. JAMES MASON, a good player, has only the most ordinary things to do, and a number of character-parts are over-emphasized out of all proportion to the interest of the characters concerned, who are mostly no less ordinary. The story is from a novel by ERIC AMBLER, who must be tempted to make sad comparisons between this and the excellent job (*The Way Ahead*) made by CAROL REED of another story in which he had a hand. R. M.



JITTER PROPULSION

Pte. Daniel Weems DANNY KAYE

she were playing her part in a light comedy, but when she has gone off in the train with her chocolate marsh-



UNCLES' ANGLES

Jennifer	IDA LUPINO
Count Pavel Orvid	VICTOR FRANCEN
Count Steven Orvid	PAUL HENRIED
Leopold	MICHAEL CHEKHOV

[In Our Time

All Ears Are Funny.

"YOU have funny ears," said Mrs. Parker suddenly. She knew perfectly well that if there was one thing calculated to make Mr. Parker lose his temper it was a personal reference of this sort.

"All ears are funny," said Mr. Parker stiffly.

"Some ears are funnier than others," said Mrs. Parker.

What they were bickering about had nothing to do with ears. It was simply a question of who had left the bathroom light on the night before, thus wasting a considerable quantity of precious fuel. But once Mrs. Parker really got interested in an argument there was no telling where or when it would end. Ears were likely to be the least of it.

"What's the name of that savage tribe that hangs pots and pans and things on the lobes of its ears?" she went on now. "Imagine *wanting* to have big ears. Ugh!" She gave an affected but realistic shudder.

"I thought we were talking about the bathroom light," said Mr. Parker. "I don't see what connection my ears have with the point."

"That's just the trouble," said Mrs. Parker. "You have a single-track mind. Anybody knows that you can tell a man's character by his ears. If they're pointed he's a murderer, and so on."

"And what precise shape do a man's ears have to be to prove that he left the bathroom light on?" asked Mr. Parker, doing his best to keep track of the argument.

"Well, if you didn't, who did? I'm sure I didn't leave it on," said Mrs. Parker.

"What's the good of saying *you're* sure you didn't leave it on? That's the whole point we have to decide. I can just as well say *I'm* sure I didn't leave it on. That sort of thing doesn't get us anywhere, any more than your potty little ears do."

"I'd much rather have my potty little ears, as you call them, than great things like yours that you could keep your cup and saucer in. Cauliflower ears."

"I didn't say you had potty little ears. I was referring to the *idea*, not to the things themselves—your potty idea that you can tell whether a man would leave a bathroom light on by the size of his ears. Potty isn't the word for it."

"Then why use it if it isn't the word for it?" retorted Mrs. Parker.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Parker had to go to work, but Mrs. Parker had not finished with the subject yet.

She brought it up again after her third cocktail at a party the same evening. "My husband," she announced apropos of nothing as she put her empty glass down, "has the most peculiar notions. He thinks that just because a man has big ears it proves that he would never, never, never leave the bathroom light on. What do you think of that? Isn't he illogical?"

There was a pause while the company dredged for ideas on this new subject.

"It might be possible to argue on those lines," said a man who was known as Professor Something-or-other, weighing his words carefully. "The bloodhound, which has, as you probably know, large drooping ears, has a tenacious memory, and so, they say, has the elephant, whose ears are fully commensurate with its size. Presumably, having such good memories, these species would be less likely to forget to switch off a bathroom light than others. But I should need a good many examples of this tendency before I would go so far as to say there is a necessary connection between long ears and long memories. I should

want too some examples of species having small ears and bad memories. And it might also be as well to have examples of intermediate ears and moderate memories."

"Did any of you hear that discussion on the Brains Trust the other night?" asked a rather nervous young man in uniform who had not spoken before.

"Which one was that?" asked somebody kindly.

"Well, it hadn't anything to do with big ears really," said the young man. "You see—"

"It's not so much that my husband's ears are big ears," said Mrs. Parker, cutting in without apology. She had just put down her fourth cocktail. "They're such funny ears. All crumpled up. Like cauliflowers. I have to watch myself or I should be clipping them off and putting them on to boil."

"As a matter of fact," said a middle-aged journalist who could always quote instances of incredible happenings, "there was a similar case in one of the mid-Western States of the U.S.A. some years ago. A woman clipped her husband's ears while he was asleep. She said the death-watch beetle had got into them and the ticking noise kept her awake at night."

"I should be sorry," said Mrs. Parker, "for any death-watch beetle that got into my husband's ears. Unless it had a guide. It would never find its way out again. The abomination of desolation." She smiled genially round and held out her glass for another drink.

"I always think," said a sprightly middle-aged woman who had been concentrating on Mr. Parker for the past half-hour, "there's something rather attractive about a man with good-sized ears. Makes him look more boyish, somehow."

"That's because you've never lived with one, my dear," said Mrs. Parker. "Wait till you've spent the best years of your life going round the house switching off lights after him. The best years of your *l-life*"—a maudlin note was creeping into her voice now—"s-switching off lights, and then he turns round and says you have p-potty little ears and casts you off like an old c-cauliflower." She sobbed quietly over her glass, and a few minutes later Mr. Parker took her home.

The following morning Mrs. Parker had forgotten all about the incident, and in fact the subject of ears was never mentioned between them again.



"How would you like your egg this month, dear?"



"Moreover, Hans, they're no earthly good at organizing—except on a gigantic scale."

The Phoney Phleet

XLVIII—H.M.S. "Splinter"

AS other boys know Lancasters or Junkers
So John St. Pancras Brown inclined to ships,
Lived in a world of ballast, bilges, bunkers
And, having decent uncles, spent their tips
On costly model replicas
Of warships, with etceteras.

Somewhere around St. P.'s eleventh winter
This love became exclusive, focused, closed
Upon a thing he called H.M.S. *Splinter*—
A crude affair, broad-beamed and bottle-nosed,
But yet his fancy. And he made
The captain's name Alfonse ap Braid.

Once fixed, he never strayed in his affection
And, even at the age of twenty-four,
Splinter alone of all his large collection
Would share his bedroom, sleeping on the floor.
Then war broke out. I hear you cry
"He joined the Navy!" Clever guy!

Alas! He hardly even *saw* the ocean—
His eyesight proving something under par—
But as a sop they doled him out promotion
And sent him to the Isle of Lochinvar
In charge of Naval Censorship.
This gave St. Pancras Brown the pip.

Of course the fellow turned for consolation
To *Splinter* and ap Braid, his boyhood friends.
Though this was wood and that imagination
They were for him one of those mental blends
Psychiatrists can not define,
Half real, half unreal—borderline.

It happened that soon after his arrival
The *Luftwaffe* hit Lochinvar in strength
And John in the excitement of survival
Wrote Whitehall at considerable length
Extolling *Splinter* and ap Braid
For their behaviour in the raid.

Whether he really meant it or was joking
Perhaps we'll never know. But this is true:
Some Admiralty chap who lived at Woking,
Concerned to catch his train at Waterloo,
Glanced at the letter hurriedly
And sent ap Braid a D.S.C.

That was the start; the rest was automatic.
From time to time St. Pancras Brown would write
In terms that were restrainedly ecstatic
About some grim and highly bogus fight
In which ap Braid and H.M.S.
Splinter achieved a crisp success.

The letters always reached the same official
Perennially fussed about his train,
And, hastily appending his initial,
He'd give some decoration again
Or, if he felt it overdue,
Promote him by a rank or two.

In consequence whereof the Royal Navy
Soon found it had a *Commodore* ap Braid
Remarkable because his stripes were wavy,
A type that less than seldom makes that grade.
And fourteen medals. And eight bars.
Uncommon with R.N.V.R.s.

The Naval Staff began to ask "Who is it?
What is this man? Lead us to where he is!"
The Twenty-seventh Sea Lord paid a visit
And found out that the whole thing was a swiz:
The ship a toy, the *Commodore*
A myth, air, vapour, nothing more.

Their Lordships ran around in small ellipses,
Tearing their hair and gnashing their gold braid:
"Murder!" they cried, "Thieves! Pirates! Robbers!
Gipsies!"
And "Damn!" and "Blast!" Because they were *afraid*.
Yes, agitated to the bone.
Supposing that this thing got known?

Had he been real he'd have been shot *sub rosa*;
Conventional regrets, and nothing said.
But bumping off a figment was a poser:
How could one be quite certain it was dead?
Bending the unaccustomed knee
They sent for J. St. Pancras B.

What happened we don't know, nor will we, ever,
But after thirteen days Brown surfaced, whole
(I always thought—or did I?—he was clever),
His name emerging altered by deed poll
To A. ap Braid and—hold on tight—
Rear-Admiral (*Retired*). Good night!

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE following Fragments were the product of an emergency caused by Junissimus, who discovered that with only a few minor adjustments our wireless set could be made to sound like bagpipes. He did not, however, know how to make it sound like a wireless set again, so we sent him to take a course in radio engineering at the Polytechnic and meanwhile sat with cotton wool in our ears until the supply gave out, when we used steel wool, which, however, was irksome on hot days owing to the co-efficient of expansion. Being cut off from human intercourse I got thrown back on myself and to prevent broodiness wrote drama in the form of Triple Bills.

Curtain Raiser

R.S.V.P.C.A.

(The scene is the North Pole)

Enter CAPTAIN GRUDGE and his Eskimo Guide, GLOO-GLOO

GRUDGE. Well old boy, here we are. We had better open the last bottle of port. Must have a celebration, what! (They drink.)

GLOO-GLOO. It's corked.

FINIS

Main Play

YOU CAN BRING A HORSE TO THE WATER
BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE IT WASH.

(The scene is a factory, all humming with the whirr of giant machines)

BIG BOB BUDD. Claamp doon t' sprockets. Galvanometer munt taake . . .

DEB. SMITH. Munt?

BIG BOB BUDD. Mustn't. I think it is rather good, don't you?

DEB. SMITH. The vowel-sound should be even broader.

BIG BOB BUDD. My dear Deborah . . .

DEB. SMITH. Debutante.

BIG BOB BUDD. My dear Deb, I'm tired of broadening vowel-sounds. Every time the Labour Manager comes round he tells me to do it a little bit more. He's terrified that all the Mass Observers will leave, and we can't afford the drain on our personnel. Yesterday he produced a list of North Country swear-words; I was up half the night learning them.

[The factory mascot, a parrot called CAVOUR, flies in and perches on a girder.]

CAVOUR. You're a better man than I am, Lloyd George.

BIG BOB BUDD. Gunga Din.

CAVOUR. Don't interrupt: it's not Criccieth.

DEB. SMITH. What is that curious blue light among those wires?

BIG BOB BUDD. I think that must be what they call a "short circuit"; the higher the tension, the shorter the circuit, you know.

DEB. SMITH. That doesn't sound right.

BIG BOB BUDD. Well I have to do the best I can. I've been promoted four times in three weeks—Pay Clerk, Director's Chiropodist, Supervising Ventilator and now Foreman here. I haven't had time to find out yet what these machines are for, but the men think it may be some form of welding. That would explain how things get stuck together so. There were sixteen machines when I took over, but now

there are only three completely distinct ones. What's your job?

DEB. SMITH. Invention in the morning and quarry designing in the afternoon.

Enter two directors, BURTENSHAW and WILLOUGHBY

BURTENSHAW. I'm all excited; the shareholders have voted us a fish supper; and we are going to have it to-night.

WILLOUGHBY. With Old English Folk Songs afterwards.

BURTENSHAW. And a calceolaria each to take home to our wives.

DEB. SMITH. Well, this is a good opportunity: what about a bonus?

WILLOUGHBY. Thanks ever so for inquiring; we've got one of those too.

BURTENSHAW. I see at once that you have a lot of electricity here. Do you prefer it to gas? Of course some like taps and some like switches, so it's really largely a matter of taste, but I am always keen on improvements.

WILLOUGHBY. Some things, you know, go on compressed air, but then of course some things don't—wind-mills, for example. One has to keep an open mind.

CAVOUR. Eppur si muove.

BURTENSHAW. Well, we must be getting along; there's nothing like an annual inspection like this; it does make one feel that one is keeping a finger on the pulse of things.

FINIS

Epilogue

PAPRIKA PIE

(The scene is Haworth Parsonage)

CHARLOTTE. Girls, I've written a novel.

EMILY. What a curious coincidence, so have I.

ANNE. Ickle me too.

REV. PATRICK. Well, well. What a nest of rosy-cheeked romancers to be sure!

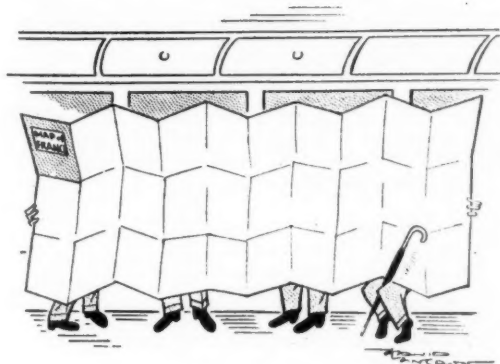
BRAMWELL. And I, Daddy, am really Orson Welles.

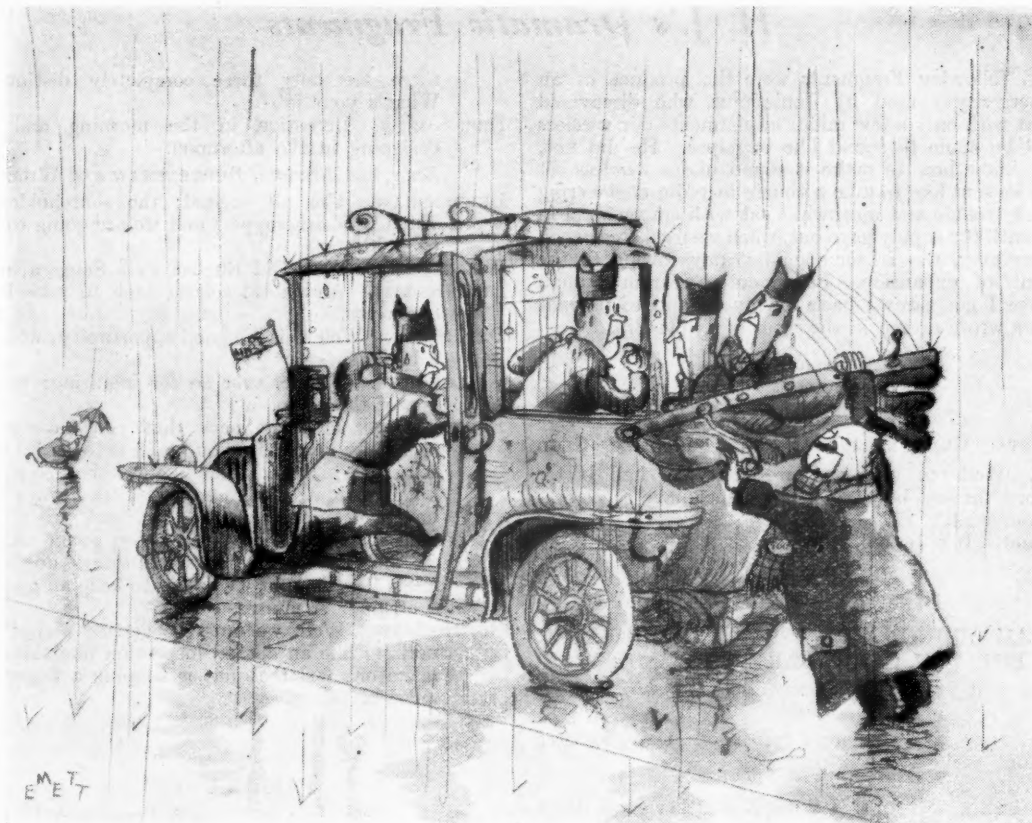
FINIS

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Offer for Street Musician

"Upright Grand Piano. Philips, Cambridge. £40; also Garden Wheelbarrow." Advt. in Bristol paper.





"Not another word! I KNOW all you chaps are mad about 'aving the 'ood down in the summer."

Grey

[*"Old age hath yet his honour."*]

MY worthy William, best of Bills,
Informs me with dismay
That he observes about his gills
A widening spread of grey.

"Alas," he cries, "that this should be."
And, though he's past his youth,
He mourns this evidence that he
Grows longer in the tooth.

I hold it sweet when life is drear
To soothe a friend's distress
And, Bill, I come to give you cheer;
A comforter, no less.

I know of one whose aged mug
Is seared with pouch and line,
The unforgiving crows have dug
Deep channels round his eyne.

Yet still above that time-worn phiz
There rides a timeless thatch

Of rusty brown, but brown it is,
And plainly doesn't match.

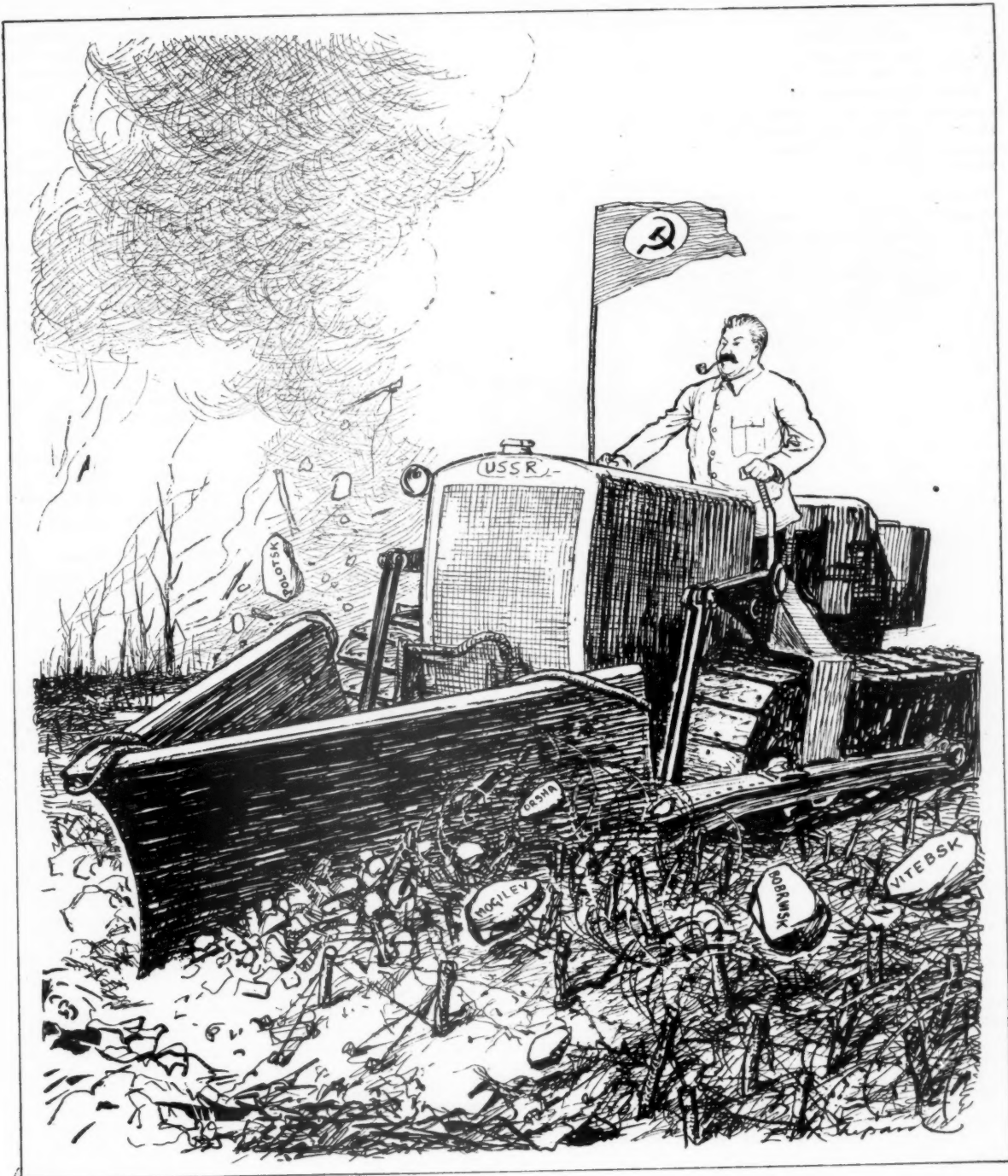
Men whisper Dye, and point the thumb.
'Tis undeserved, but still
Such dark suggestion might have come
Your way, my erring Bill.

What's more, a head of decent grey
Ensures a mellow smack
Of dignity, a pleasing trait
Which, up to now, you lack.

And ponder this, I can't say why,
But it is widely spread
That the mysterious female eye
Approves the greying head.

Lay that rich solace to your mind,
'Twould gild the bitterest pill
To think that you, at last, may find
That you're admired, O Bill.

DUM-DUM.



JOE'S WAY

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, June 27th.—House of Lords:
A Coll. by Any Other Name . . .

House of Commons: This and That.

Wednesday, June 28th.—House of Commons: Beer, and the Finance Bill.

Thursday, June 29th.—House of Commons: The M.O.I.

Tuesday, June 27th.—This pincers-movement, Commando, surprise tactics, all-together-for-victory stuff seems to be catching on. It has produced such good dividends for the Allies in the battlefields that it is not perhaps surprising that our legislators should take it up. And, as always, their Lordships were in the van, so to speak, in this new technique. And Ministers were in the cart.

Our old friend the Education Bill (which provided some excitement in the Commons and led to a Government defeat and a compulsory vote of confidence in the Government, all in a couple of days) was before the House of Lords to-day, and it had some more adventures.

As it left the Commons the Bill provided for the setting up of "Young People's Colleges"—a name said to be the brain-child of no less a person than Mr. R. A. BUTLER, the President of the Board of Education, himself.

Wearing an expression that the workhouse master could not have bettered (or worsened) as he surveyed the quaking Oliver Twist, Lord STANHOPE, who was once himself President of the Board of Education, looked at his successor's brain-child. That unfortunate infant went a little pink, changed feet un-easily, and stood looking at the floor. Lord DE LA WARR, who is the kindest of men, very good to children and dumb animals (as a rule), joined in the blistering scrutiny, and the frightened child fairly wilted.

"What's your name, boy?" snapped Lord STANHOPE, in a tone any workhouse master—or even the Red Queen in "Alice"—would have envied in the palmiest days of Bumble, or Carroll, as the case may be.

"If—if you please, sir," replied the child, speaking through his guardian, Lord SELBORNE, the Minister of Economic Warfare, who has been given the task of seeing him safely through the Upper House—"if you please, sir, it's 'Young People's Colleges.'"

"Ridiculous!" cried Lord STANHOPE. "Whoever heard of an 'Old Person's

College,' or even of a 'Middle-Aged Persons' College'?"

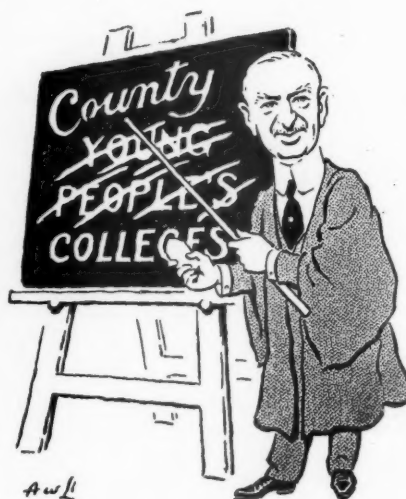
"Please, sir, I didn't!" pleaded Lord Twist—er, Lord SELBORNE. "But—"

"It's a patronizing name," rapped Lord STANHOPE. "It goes with a pat on the head and a few kind words to a little boy."

Lord SELBORNE looked as if he would appreciate such a demonstration of affection. But Lord STANHOPE did not relent or demonstrate.

"County! That's your proper name," he snapped. "And I move that that be your name from now on."

"I prefer 'Part-time,'" said Lord DE LA WARR, who has a natural preference for double-barrelled names. Lord



EMENDATION
LORD STANHOPE

STANHOPE shuddered a little and sniffed.

Lord SELBORNE advanced cautiously to the Table, and seemed about to utter the Guardsman's formula, "Permission to speak, sir," when the entire House turned on him a steady hostile gaze which clearly said: "Say what you've got to say and get it over."

So he admitted that "Young People's Colleges" was not very apt, and advanced the ingenious argument that it did not really matter, since these colleges would be known as Narkover College, or Hogsnoton College, or by some other place-name. It was of the place-name college that ex-members would wear the old school tie, said Lord SELBORNE, with a gallant if somewhat nervous attempt at badinage.

"Don't fool, boy!" rapped Lord STANHOPE, all Red Queenly.

"I like 'Part-Time,'" persisted Lord DE LA WARR, but the other would-be godfather shook his head. So Lord DE LA WARR, remembering the successful tactics which had just gained us the French port of Cherbourg, announced that he would drop "Part-Time," join forces with the army on his flank, and plump for "County."

"Anything," he cried, in a manner reminiscent of the old-time heroine who loudly and firmly spurned a fate worse than death—"anything is better than 'Young People's College.'"

By now Lord SELBORNE could see the pincers closing. He made a last bid for a separate peace, suggesting that the whole thing be put off for a week or two. "No," said Lord STANHOPE, "I am pressing my amendment."

Lord CRANBORNE, who is known as Leader of the House, but who would presumably, in the jargon of the moment, more correctly be described as Lord SELBORNE's "strategic reserve," hurried in and assured the House that it would lose nothing by waiting a little. The attack failed.

Muttering bits of Henry V's speech before Agincourt (or so it seemed to the excited onlookers) Lord STANHOPE pressed his amendment, and was supported by a roar of "Contents"—the Lordly way of saying "Aye"—which drowned the half-dozen Ministers who gallantly disapproved. So the Government was defeated, and we shall have "County Colleges"—until the Commons (who incidentally tried in vain to have the name altered) change it to something else. Thus is history made, progress achieved, civilization advanced!

This bright interlude over, their Lordships settled down to a learned but dullish discussion of other parts of the Bill, and your scribe tiptoed out to "Another Place."

But all the Lower House yielded was a new definition of (or euphemism for) looting: "methods of dispossession." Author, Mr. DINGLE FOOT—incidentally, Lord SELBORNE's assistant. Then they discussed votes—and the Law Officers—but the business was soon done and everybody went home.

Wednesday, June 28th.—Cowering in their deep dugouts as they sought refuge from Marshal GOERING's (or are they Dr. GOEBBELS'?) flying bombs, Members of the House of Commons seemed remarkably cheerful to-day, and talked about beer and the alternatives, and many other things one would scarcely have expected to loom large in a London blazing from



"I trust the one in London is also undamaged."

end to end. It did cross the minds of one or two M.P.s that perhaps Dr. GOEBBELS might be wrong in his story about the dugouts and the flames, but nobody bothered to argue with the omniscient Herr Doktor.

But about the beer. Sir WILLIAM WAYLAND asked the Food Minister to keep constantly under review the possibility of improving both quantity and quality. Lady ASTOR was not present, and there was no untoward incident as the question was put. Colonel LLEWELLIN, however, would not promise any more or any better beer at present, because materials and labour were not available.

The Colonel did not express any view on the suggestion of Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY that the best way to Salute the Soldier was to make his (the soldier's) beer stronger.

There was more talk about the Finance Bill, but nothing strikingly new emerged and that dull but necessary measure (necessary because without it there would be no money in the national till) passed all the hurdles.

They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships

AT this time such articles as you send are a genuine comfort to me."

Now more than ever before are we dependent for our livelihood upon the courage and steadfastness of our gallant crews "that go down to the sea in ships." You, by your generous gifts to the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, can help to alleviate their sufferings, and to make their task less arduous. We rely on you because we know that, like them, you will not let us down. All donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

For their Lordships, there was a spot more Education Bill.

Thursday, June 29th.—Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, the Minister of Information, and his first lieutenant, Mr. ERNEST THURTL, were under fire to-day, and had formally to justify their salaries. The Liberal Nationals, who seldom get a "break" in the debates, raised the question of the post-war life of the Ministry, which they hoped would not be long. In fact they unkindly expressed the hope that the war and the Ministry would end at the same time—and the sooner the better.

As they hurried him towards the tumbrel, *en route* for the guillotine, the would-be executioners seemed to wear an expression of astonishment, as if they were hearing staccato Mr. BRACKEN say: "Boys, I'm prepared to be incredibly tough! But you're right! Your humble deserves to die! Yup, yup, yup!"

Falling back with superstitious awe, they let him go. Was it a wink, or some sudden affliction of the eye, that lookers-on saw distort his face as Mr. BRACKEN strolled out?



"Now, if only you had your lasso."

Correspondence

From Abdul Hussein Mohamed to Lieutenant Sympton

June 1st 1944

SIR CAPTIN SWIMSON,—Six months I empty swill you satisfactorily carried out and smoothly rendered now I come back go see old sister nine days only what I find rascal Ibrahim Ali catch swill.

So kindly awaiting explain.

Reverentially I am,

ABDUL HUSSEIN MOHAMED.
(six months collect very good)

From Lieutenant Sympton to Abdul H. Mohamed

June 2nd 1944

MY DEAR ABDUL,—Nobody regrets more than I do that the exigencies of the service have compelled me to dispense with your valued work. I have always said that as a swill-remover you had few equals in Egypt. But though I am personally all in favour of the Eastern habit of regarding time as unimportant, we reached a point where no more swill would go in the bins and the atmosphere created

by the old swill was so strong that the lids came flying off as if shot from a cannon.

So, regretfully, I had to call in Ibrahim. He is not in your class as a swill-remover, but needs must when the devil drives, and now he is in I don't think either you or I will be able to get rid of him.

I trust you found your sister well. Please give her my kind regards if you write.

Sincerely yours,

O. SYMPSON, Lt.

From Ibrahim Ali to Lieutenant Sympton

June 5th 1944

SIRS SINKSON,—How no good me catch swill Abdul Hussein Mohamed say and show me letter you say I no catch swill good like for him.

If you say I no catch swill good I no catch swill but moneys yes.

Unless you tell Mohamed go hell I write Mister Churchill.

Awaiting your esteemed favour of reply.

IBRAHAM ALI.

From Lieutenant Sympton to Ibrahim Ali

June 6th 1944

MY DEAR IBRAHAM,—I deeply regret any hurt I may have done to your feelings by my quip or jest in a recent letter to our mutual acquaintance, Abdul. The fact is that with two of the world's most expert swill-removers—Abdul and yourself—after the job I am as it were between Seylla and Charybdis, if you follow me. So in future I propose to just bury the confounded swill and leave it at that.

Regretfully yours,

O. SYMPSON, Lt.

From Abdul and Ibrahim, Swill Contractors, to Lieutenant Sympton

June 8th 1944

SIRS CAPTAIN STINKSON,—Owing to pressing of business and factories beneath our control and not wishing these peoples Scylla and Charybdis to muscle in Ibrahim and me now join up one firm call Tuesdays as usuals.

Trusting agreeably surprise.

ABDUL HUSSEIN MOHAMED.
IBRAHAM ALI.

Vegetables

A VEGETABLE may be described, scientifically, as something between an animal and a mineral; I mean, if you are playing Clumps. Otherwise, as a cabbage, or a lettuce, or a bean, and so on for as long as you feel like. It is these unscientific kinds of vegetable I am going to write about to-day.

Vegetables begin life very small and in very straight rows in vegetable beds. They are so small when they first show above the ground as to be little more than a trap for the ignorant, especially those who have been clever enough not to mistake a spinach bed for a lettuce bed, only to find that it is a lettuce bed after all. However, quite soon vegetables grow big enough for the ignorant to be able to make a sporting guess at most of them, their standbys being carrots, which have feathers, and onions, which would be grass if they were not in such straight rows as to be intentional. I should add that there are very few such people about nowadays; knowledge has reached such a pitch that average people being shown round average vegetable gardens are apt to take over half-way, and end by showing the owner round and pointing out what has gone wrong instead of, as in the old days, alternately nodding and murmuring and trying to keep their eyes off the fruit.

Vegetable-growing calls for many mental qualities. Apart from a knowledge of all that governs the universe, or anyway the universe at ground level, one very mental quality it calls for is being able to wheel a wheelbarrow straight. It is well known that a filled wheelbarrow will tip over to the right if its wheeler so much as thinks there is a right to a wheelbarrow, and over to the left when it is not tipping over to the right. Only utter singleness of purpose, psychologists tell us, will guide a wheelbarrow straight, that is, between rakes and trowels and round corners. Another mental quality is of course the ability to walk sideways without straightening the knees, and yet another the ability not to mind pulling up half the vegetables almost as soon as they are planted. All this mental achievement gets together, as it were, and hangs over a vegetable garden, creating a strange complacency which human nature, as muddled as ever, attributes to the vegetables themselves. The only other thing I want to say about vegetables in the growing stage is that every vegetable garden has an oval wooden basket called a trug, and that no one knows what the word is derived from because there is a general feeling that to know would spoil it. The average person prefers to think that a trug is a trug because it looks like one.

It is an interesting psychological fact that vegetables growing in gardens have little individuality, but that each one taken separately has such a personality that human nature cannot take, say, a cabbage into its kitchen without feeling that it is welcoming an old friend. I think it is true to say that of all vegetables the cabbage has won the most respect. Psychologists tell us that most people, however clever or well-educated, actually stand in very slight awe of a cabbage, probably because it is so tightly packed together and seems to have thought the whole thing out for itself, and, what is more, gone through with it. Humanity likes but has no respect whatever for the potato. It thinks every potato is being difficult because it is always either bigger or smaller than other potatoes, so that anyone trying to cut up a batch into shapes the same size gets caught up in a mathematical law which decrees that if half one potato is a little bigger than half another,

then half the first potato must be cut in half again, thus making it now a little smaller than half the second potato, and so on. As for marrows, which rank with potatoes and cabbages in their effect on human emotions, psychologists tell us that no marrow is ever judged at its face value but is always being measured up against what the public knows about giant marrows. Thus it is that even the most publicity-shunning of us can rarely cut up a fair-sized marrow without wondering timidly if we ought not to have written to the papers first.

I must here say a word about pea-shelling and bean-stringing. A certain amount of etiquette, or at least custom, has grown round these processes, there being a strong tradition that at least one other person should be roped in to help. This is all right at the beginning of the season, when people are so glad to see peas and runner beans again that they are likely to be over-enthusiastic about helping, but later in the summer, statisticians tell us, attendance falls off noticeably. Both pea-shelling and bean-stringing are traditionally allowed to take place outside the kitchen, with a colander for the finished result and the day's newspaper for the empties. It would be better, though not so like life, to use yesterday's newspaper, because half-way through someone will want to read to-day's, but this is traditionally got round by sliding the empties on to a tray. The process, whether it is stringing beans or shelling peas, always takes a bit longer than it should, that is, the emotional state of the stringer or sheller, a blend of anticipation and usefulness, will wear off a little too soon, but students of human nature would hardly have it otherwise.

There are a few facts to be noted about the psychology of salads. Science lays down that, however carefully a salad is made, it is not possible for the salad-maker not to have a series of ideas about how much of what should go into it. This means that the most interesting bits are apt to occur in sudden layers, either near the bottom or near the top. Salad-eaters know this by instinct; their only problem is whether to dig down to the bottom, when they are morally obliged to take what they find, or scuffle about on top. Custom has stepped in to make things easier with the rule that they can have another try later. There is also a set of rather complicated rules about the inside and outside of a cauliflower; psychologists find this interesting because it brings to light so much inherent, or previously suspected, altruism. As for peas and runner beans again, there is one very simple rule here—people helping themselves should take just less than what they calculate as the total amount divided by one more than the number of people present, simply for their own peace of mind. Only those who have gone a long way up the ladder of success are traditionally supposed to break this rule, and then only because they are traditionally supposed to break so many rules.

Village Before Sunset

THERE is a moment country children know
When half across the field the shadows go
And even the birds sound leisurely and slow,
Even the footsteps down the lane ahead,
Even the low of the cows from the milking-shed,
Even the voices calling them to bed. F. C. C.

At the Play

"MADELEINE" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

IN spite of the psychological reasons for *Madeleine Landier's* behaviour, many must feel that the young woman would benefit from a stern lecture and some old-fashioned slipper-work to follow. She is the wildly-fluttering heart of M. JEAN-JACQUES BERNARD'S play, staged by Mr. NORMAN MARSHALL at Hammersmith and one of two pieces by this dramatist now on view in London. Miss PAMELA BROWN appears as the French girl of twenty-one whose dread of reproducing her mother's sensual traits causes her to marry a young man whom she thinks a "feeble creature," though her eye has rested on the housekeeper's virile sailor-brother *Daniel*. Nature is too strong. A year later she has neatly contrived to ruin *Daniel's* marriage—his wife *Germaine* commits suicide—and the curtain falls with her in the man's arms.

As a play *Madeleine* cannot compare with *Martine* and *The Unquiet Spirit*. Inevitably, M. BERNARD is exact and adroit; but here he is also melodramatic and we are uneasily conscious that this unbalanced child hardly deserves the trouble lavished on her. The piece depends upon its company; M. BERNARD and his usual translator Mr. JOHN LESLIE FRITH are exceptionally fortunate in their *Madeleine*. The London public did not discover Miss PAMELA BROWN until her success in *Claudia* during 1942; but it is eight years since visitors to the Stratford Festival were surprised by the vigour of her *Cressida*. Since then she has developed remarkably. She has an enviable power of attack and her playing is accurate and swift. Little is blurred: thought is built on thought "as the wild bee hangs cell to cell." She is, moreover, a notable mistress of pose.

Although this Titian-haired *Madeleine* dominates the play, Mr. MARSHALL'S company has other lights. Thus Miss MARY HINTON invests the mother with her authority and warm intelligence, and even if Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY has nothing much to do as a

leisured bore he does it at least with an air. Mr. PETER COPLEY answers with some skill for the man *Madeleine* marries, and Mr. CHARLES DEANE for the man she desires. Miss JEANETTE TREGARTHEN, maiden of bashful seventeen and suddenly tragic wife, has a sensitive quality which promises well for her career.

The original play is called agreeably *Le Jardinier d'Ispahan*, a reference to a Persian fable which indicates that when you are trying to escape your fate you are perhaps hurrying towards it. J. C. T.



MADELEINE IN COMPARATIVELY AMIABLE MOOD

Robert Mr. PETER COPLEY
Madeleine Miss PAMELA BROWN

"THE SULKY FIRE" (ARTS)

This winter's tale, Mr. JOHN LESLIE FRITH'S version of *Le Feu Qui Reprend Mal*, is one of M. BERNARD'S lesser plays. Its revival is of doubtful aid to his reputation, though by choosing it the Arts Theatre Group again pleases the collector. Apart from scattered felicities, principally in the first act, the effect—as Mantalini might have said—is "dem'd damp, moist, unpleasant." The theme, unreasoning jealousy, has long been with us: M. BERNARD does not enrich it. His Leontes is *André Mérin*, French provincial schoolmaster and through four years a German prisoner, who returns to his home immediately after

the 1918 Armistice and starts another war. *Blanche Mérin*, a wife as admirable as *Hermione*, as "true and honourable" as the Roman *Portia*, had said good-bye that afternoon to an American officer who had been billeted in the house. He had tempted her; she had remained faithful. But when her husband, long-expected, learns of this visitor, nothing can convince him of *Blanche's* innocence. Once more, trifles light as air become outrageously charged with meaning. The second and third acts consist of a rain of accusations by *André* and of denials by

Blanche, a neighbour's ill-timed interpolation, and a long sentimental speech by *André's* father (delivered fortunately with the grace of which Mr. JOHN RUDDOCK is capable). Before this there has been little but unprofitable chat. No robot plane could keep to a straighter course than M. BERNARD in his single-minded play; but instead of a culminating explosion we have merely a slow fizzle.

To be at all acceptable in the theatre, the anecdote needs the most delicate handling. Two of the Arts players are first-rate. Miss NANCY HORNSBY, a shade too quick on her cues at the *première*, is movingly true and tender as the provincial *Hermione* and manages to preserve *Blanche's* reiterations from tedium. Mr. JOHN RUDDOCK, silver-haired and silvery-spoken, almost brings one to believe in Old *Mérin's* musings. Mr. MICHAEL GOLDEN, on the other side, cannot save the husband from mono-

tony. It is a deplorable part: if ever a man needed a *Paulina* to bully him to his senses, *André* did. As it is he must smoulder moodily through two-thirds of the piece, and Mr. GOLDEN cannot persuade us that his gloom is other than a cloud of rank bad temper. Miss CATHERINE SALKELD deals quietly with the small part of a neighbour who only increases *André's* woe. In retrospect this is a play of drear-nighted December: M. BERNARD'S fire yields little more than a thin curl of smoke. J. C. T.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Don't point it at me!"

At the Ballet

BALLETS JOOSS (HAYMARKET)

THE Ballets Jooss are back in London after a very long absence. The most vivid impression left in one's mind after seeing most of their repertoire is of their splendid teamwork. They are not a star-and-satellite system, but a galaxy, the talents of each individual contributing to the lustre of the whole company. If there is any member who impresses one more than the rest it is HANS ZULLIG, who is a true *danseur noble* in style, face and figure.

In search of a wider range of expression KURT JOOSS has broken away from the conventions of the classical ballet with great gain in swift-moving action and vividness of story-telling but some loss where the effect is dependent on pure dancing, as in *A Ball in Old Vienna*, which, because it calls for the conventional treatment it does not get, looks untidy and almost amateurish. His masterpiece is still the satire, *The Green Table*, about the conference of diplomats whose quarrels cause a war with all its attendant misery and horror, the end

of which leads in turn to another conference of the same diplomats. This has still a painful topicality; but the Jooss repertoire contains also comedy, romance, drama and fairy-tale.

If your taste is for Victorian social comedy, then *Company at the Manor* (to Beethoven's *Spring Sonata*) is your affair—the love-story of demure *Cecilia* who is betrothed by *Mamma* in plum-coloured silk and *Papa* with side-whiskers to a wealthy Brazilian bull-fighter (one imagines) with a roving eye, while her girlish dreams are of *Oliver*, her country cousin. In an exquisitely comic setting of the *Scherzo* of the *Sonata* they all jolt merrily off by coach to visit the country cousins, decked in their best bonnets and feathers and with Nurse and the hat-boxes behind. In the country the Brazilian decides that he prefers *Charlotte's* bright eye to *Cecilia's* tow wig—and who shall blame him?—so *Cecilia* and *Oliver* are united. In *The Prodigal Son* the hero goes farther but fares worse than in the parable, for though he becomes a king and a tyrant there are neither swine's husks when he is a hunted fugitive nor (so far as one could see) a fatted calf at his homecoming. This is a very successful production, played against KURT

Jooss's usual black background, and great dramatic effects are achieved by the skilful use of lighting and of vivid gesture. "She was poor but she was honest" is the theme of *The Big City*, which is less notable for its story than for the brilliant series of "shots" which convey a lightning impression of city life—the busy street with the unending stream of passers-by and newspaper-sellers, the girl and her workman-lover going home after the day's work, the slum quarter with its squabbling gang of street arabs and their dour mothers, and city "amusements" epitomized by the garish company in the dance-hall. In yet another vein is *A Spring Tale*, a bubble of a fairy-story about a prince who, accompanied by a kind of Sarastro, braves a forest full of Wood Witches, Tree Sprites, Bogey Men and Snakes to win his princess from a land of man-haters. The queen of this wonderful land sleeps on her throne in an enormous night-cap with all her court around her. Here, as in *Company at the Manor*, the lightness and sureness of touch is a delight. The box of *Pandora* is full of grisly monsters with a social moral in their train—that the machine is the greatest of the evils that beset mankind. D. C. B.



"And then, I suppose, as the tide went out . . ."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Britain's Chance?

ONE could hardly recommend a book nowadays merely on the ground that it put forward constructive suggestions for safeguarding the future peace of the world and dealt drastically with the conduct of Germany during the last seventy or eighty years. If, however, like Mr. GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK's *Peace or Chaos* (MACDONALD, 10/6), it is amusingly written, the reader may be reconciled to a well-worn theme by the energy and freshness of the treatment. Mr. SOLOVEYCHIK opens with an account of the measures taken by the authorities when the activity of the Loch Ness monster during the winter of 1933 seemed to call for some kind of action. To a Continental mind, Mr. SOLOVEYCHIK says, the right kind of action would have been, first, to arrange for protection against the monster, and then to destroy it. What the Chief Constable of Inverness-shire did was to station five policemen round the loch to safeguard the monster against the public, and to issue a warning to all residents and visitors "for the purpose of preventing any attack on the animal." In this incident Mr. SOLOVEYCHIK sees a parable of Britain's invariable attitude towards the monsters who from time to time threaten the peace of the world. For a thousand years, he says, since Danegeld and Ethelred the Unready, appeasement and unpreparedness have always characterized the British attitude to foreign aggression; "but," he adds, "conditions in the world have changed," and the British will have to conform with the changed conditions or perish. Britain must have a well-

defined policy, which the author outlines at some length, for amputating Germany territorially and controlling her foreign trade; and she must abandon vague talk about safeguarding democratic ideals in favour of a clear-cut affirmation that the well-being of the British Commonwealth is her first consideration. "We are being offered the unique chance of leading the world. Civilization has reached a point where the decision is in Britain's hands: peace or chaos." All this is very reasonable, yet it may be argued on the other side that it is the nations who have grasped at the unique chance of leading the world that have come to grief. A country must act in accordance with its character, and, as the author imprudently from his own standpoint reminds us, Tacitus described the Britons two thousand years ago as "a naturally indolent race, though capable of splendid efforts. It fights when it sees reason to fight and has a firm standard of honour."

H. K.

Last Resort

Overrating, perhaps, the intelligence of his readers—a magnanimous error and an infrequent one—Mr. NEIL M. GUNN leads us through some sixty labyrinthine pages before trusting either his characters or his audience with a clue. The clue given, *The Green Isle of the Great Deep* (FABER, 8/6) becomes one of the most moving of all possible satires on the "conditioned" limbo we live in. The totalitarian paradise, it points out, will not stop at the conditioned body. It must secure the conditioned mind. Propaganda and Gestapo are stronger than armaments—indeed they make armaments unnecessary. In the underworld at which *Old Hector* and *Art* arrive, an old peasant and a small boy are dangerous. The former is the sum of traditional wisdom, "simplicity refined out of experience." The latter has the sensitive coherence of youth undisintegrated by "what is called education." They are allies. They are the wisdom which only begins when knowledge recognizes its limitations. But the knowledgeable recognize no limitations, except—as a vague dread—the unpredictable intervention of God: unpredictable because all planners ignore Him and none of their victims—so far—have invoked Him. If and when they do . . . but one must not spoil sport. The resistance movement will welcome this admirable essay in a serious and impassioned quixotism.

H. P. E.

The "Mixed" Garden

Mr. H. J. MASSINGHAM is apparently as indefatigable at gardening as at writing, and in *This Plot of Earth* (COLLINS, 12/6) he describes his own garden of the last ten years. Here, in miniature, he discovers all the beauties of rural England, and here, which is interesting, he applies some of the remedies he is used to recommend for English agriculture in general. In short, he treats his garden as though it were the countryside in little. He practises "mixed" gardening just as he believes in "mixed" farming. Flowers grow in the orchard, and vegetables in or beside the flowerbeds. Each, it seems, contributes to the well-being of the others, and the compost-heap contributes to them all. The book has the virtues, and rather less of the weakness, of its predecessors. The author is naturally as lyrical about the compost-heap as about the nightingale (which all true gardeners will understand), but he is still given to fervent flights of mysticism that exasperate because they seem impenetrable. He thanks a fellow-author for help in pruning his sentences, but they need more pruning yet. This is neither unkind nor trivial criticism. Few living writers are so much in love with the country, and few know more about it, and to smother these good qualities with too

many words, or inexact words, is as wicked as any of the errors in cultivation which Mr. MASSINGHAM rightly condemns. But (you see!) he has made us forget the garden itself, which must be wonderful, being rich in all appropriate fruits, in herbs and vegetables the connoisseur can never find in the market, in flowers, especially roses with a past, and in many kinds of birds, which make music while they work.

J. S.

Adler and After

It was from the famous Viennese psychologist Alfred Adler, Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME tells us, that she learned Individual Psychology; and her aim in *From the Life* (FABER, 6/-) is to apply Adler's psychological principles to six persons, all friends of hers and all in greater or less degree known to the public. Three of them are still living, Sir Max Beerbohm, Mr. Ivor Novello and Mr. Ezra Pound; three of them are dead, Sara Delano Roosevelt, Adler himself, and the author's grandmother, Margaret Macdonald Bottome, an American writer, speaker and philanthropist. How fruitful Adler would have judged his influence on Miss BOTTOME to be can only be guessed, but the lay reader may wonder whether Miss BOTTOME's warm-hearted tributes to her friends would have been in any essential particular different had she never studied Individual Psychology. There is certainly no trace in her praise of the carefully guarded precision one would expect from a trained psychologist. Of Adler she writes that he saw, "as no one else except the Founder of Christianity has seen, how to handle the human being as a 'whole.'" The withdrawal from the world during her last years by Sara Delano Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt's mother, is compared by Miss BOTTOME to the Almighty resting after the creation of the world—"Sara, too, rested; and for the same reason. She rested because she saw that what she had created was good." Mr. Ezra Pound, a tolerably conspicuous member of certain literary circles thirty years ago, "flashed upon London like the Angel of the Lord appearing to Ezekiel in the valley of bones." Mr. Ivor Novello diffuses even over the worst plays in which he appears the "light that never was on sea or land." When, as occasionally happens, Miss BOTTOME has to indicate a weakness or lapse in one of her subjects, she goes to the opposite extreme and produces what it would be an understatement to call an understatement. "No poet can afford to have the mark of Cain upon his brow—it is too isolating," she says of the "dire impatience" which has led Mr. Ezra Pound to approve the "whips and bloodshed" of Fascist Italy. But it is generous and courageous of her to choose this moment in which to praise her old friend, and there is much else in her book to please those readers who prefer warmth to light. H. K.

Even in their Ashes

If there ever had been, or could be, a doubt that France spells civilization it was routed by the admirable fight put up since the occupation by French men of letters. England, by now almost as "occupied" as France, has nothing like *Les Editions de Minuit* (issued over here as *Les Cahiers du Silence*), for whose production, "merely to make a chink" in the totalitarian "wall," men have given their lives. Volume One, *Le Silence de la Mer*, translated by Mr. CYRIL CONNOLLY as *Put Out the Light* (MACMILLAN, 3/6), is little longer than a long short story. Yet how severely and poignantly it embodies the clarity and magnanimity that is France! "VERCORS," the unknown author, describes very simply how an uncle and niece in a quiet grange have a young German Officer billeted on them. They lodge him

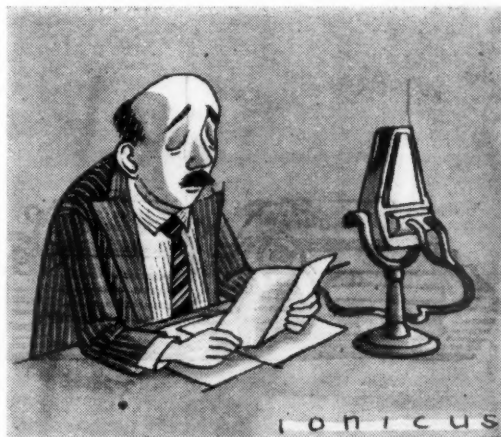
civilly but in silence. They are types of France. The young German is not typical. He is a symbol of the Germany that the Germans themselves are destroying. He might almost be the Englishman whom the English themselves are destroying. Hence the heart-breaking importance of his uncommented soliloquies. In what he himself calls "the Great Battle between the Temporal and the Spiritual" this little book, a masterpiece of advocacy, intervenes like a Homeric goddess.

H. F. E.

Slow Bowling

Perhaps the jolliest story in Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN's *Cricket Country* (COLLINS, 8/6) is one of the great W. G. Grace that tells how at a match somewhere deep in the country he was bowled first ball by an aspiring lad of the village. "You look out what you're doing," cried the umpire, after calling a no-ball a shade behind the event: "people haven't come here to see you bowl but to watch the Doctor bat." The Doctor went on with his innings. Mr. BLUNDEN's cricket is very much of the light-hearted order, and although, being a wicket-keeper, he sees all the points of the game, he is apt, as he admits without shame, to go off into a dream—a discursive dream—even in the middle of a match. This book indeed is cricket perpetually wandering into a pleasant outfield where are to be gathered odd scraps of philosophizing, many tags of verse, tales that have little to do with bat and ball, and even an occasional epitaph gleefully recovered from a quiet tombstone. Wherever the dream leads him it always brings him back to the noblest of games, though naturally not to that sterner variety found, say, at Trent Bridge or Bramall Lane. This is stuff of the soft southern counties touched with the friendliness of Miss Mitford and White of Selborne, and granted you are of a mind for pleasant easy bowling, even perhaps for an occasional lob, then it is all for you. It is of course a book for the mood and the rare half hour, and it would be fatal to look in it for much logical sequence or any special purpose beyond a care-free browsing within easy range of the Sussex Downs and with all the village greens of Kent and Surrey and Hampshire not too far away.

C. C. F.



"... and, following the news at approximately 9.30 there's an excellent concert by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra—that's if you like that sort of thing. Personally I detest it."

This Talking at Breakfast

"WHERE are they sending you?"

"Some mysterious place in Cornwall, I believe."

"Cornwall? Good heavens! Know it? I know it as well as I know you. We did a Rugger tour there every Easter."

"Oh? What part?"

"Any part. They play Rugger all over Cornwall. The kids in the streets even. I remember on one tour some of our chaps went fishing. Hired a boat, and the fellow with it of course to show them what to do. They brought back a most extraordinary catch. We were staying at St. Ives that year."

"Isn't that the place that's full of cats?"

"It's funny you mention that. These fellows came back from their fishing and put everything they had caught in the kitchen, meaning to have it for breakfast. Somebody thought it would be rather funny if we went all round St. Ives and each fellow collected a cat, then shoved the cats in at the kitchen window—the joke being that the cats would eat all the fish, although some fish were so frightful that they actually frightened the cats off, I believe. Finally one bloke went one better and put a dog in amongst the cats, so there was a glorious mix-up of dogs, cats, fish and feathers. . . ."

"Where did the feathers come from?"

"A sea-gull had got in by mistake or something."

"Of course I am not actually being posted to St. Ives."

"Another time we had a Rugger tour in Yorkshire."

"Oh? What part?"

"I forget, but we had finished the tour when one fellow—the hooker, as a matter of fact, explained that although we were all going back to London he would have to stay on. He was some kind of commercial traveller, and the point was he didn't want to carry his football kit, all through the week, while he was calling on people and trying to get business. So he asked us to take his suitcase with all its clobber to King's Cross and shove it in the cloak-room, and we said we would. On the way we thought how funny it would be if, as soon as we arrived, we sent it all back marked URGENT. At King's Cross we went straight to the luggage place in a body, and explained how we had brought this bag away by mistake, and how important it was to the chap it belonged to. So it was put on the very next train out, with all manner of funny marks and labels on it, and instructions that directly it reached this station in Yorkshire it was to be rushed round to this chap's hotel, no matter what time of night it was, which cost a bit naturally, but it was worth it."

"What did the fellow say when it arrived?"

"I never found out. It was the end of the Rugger season and we didn't meet again."

"Talking of King's Cross. I don't know whether you know London well . . ."

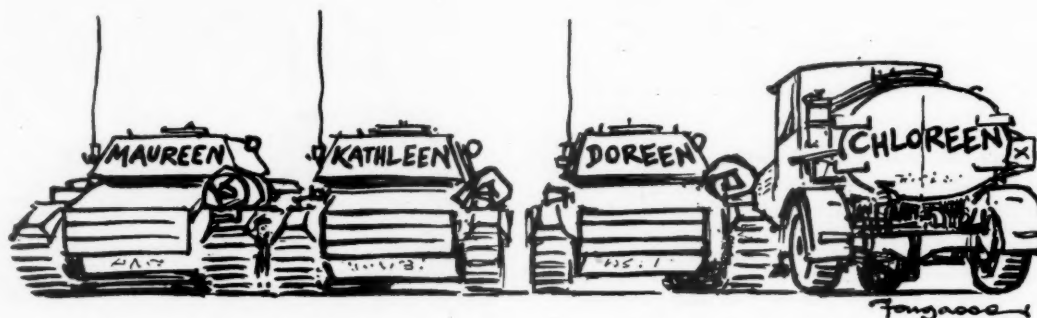
"I should say so. We always left there on our Rugger tours. I remember one wonderful send-off. The chaps who couldn't come on the tour paid us the compliment of coming to see us off, to sing songs and cheer and so on. This year there was one chap who was a bit obstreperous, so we took his bowler and kicked it around and then scrummed down on the platform and used it as the ball. There was another chap looking on, who had never been very popular—a quiet type, but he had come to see us off with the rest, and when he saw this other chap's bowler being battered around, he suddenly wanted to be popular too. So he whipped off his own hat, and ran in amongst us tearing it to bits with his bare hands. A difficult thing too, like tearing a pack of playing-cards. But he exerted all his strength, and ended by jumping on the pieces, which made everyone think him a better chap than they had thought before. I remember his expression . . ."

"My last unit was in Ireland . . ."

"Really? That carries me back a bit. We had our best tour in Ireland."

"I say—on these Rugger tours of yours, did you ever play any Rugger?"

"Oh, a certain amount. But that's the whole point about Rugger tours. You never remember the matches, or what the score was, you only remember the other amazing things you did. And it's exactly the same in war, if you notice. You try talking to the chaps who've come back from the Eighth Army."



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BENGER'S, today, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high-class Grocers — The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

X-Rays

There are no fanfares for him; no news-reels show him in action; he wields no weapons more lethal than a slide-rule. But he is instrumental in placing a great invisible power in the hands of others.

He—and his colleagues of the research and development laboratories—have made it possible to see deep into the heart of the metal of vital things like aero engines and gun-barrels, to make sure that no hidden flaws exist; they have given to doctors and surgeons an ally of ever-increasing power and scope for diagnosis and cure; to them belongs much of the credit for the part which mass radiography will play in the final elimination of tuberculosis.

He and his colleagues have contributed greatly to Philips leadership in the field of X-rays. Their knowledge and experience are of vital importance to the nation today.



PHILIPS
RADIO ★ LAMPS

AND ALLIED ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS

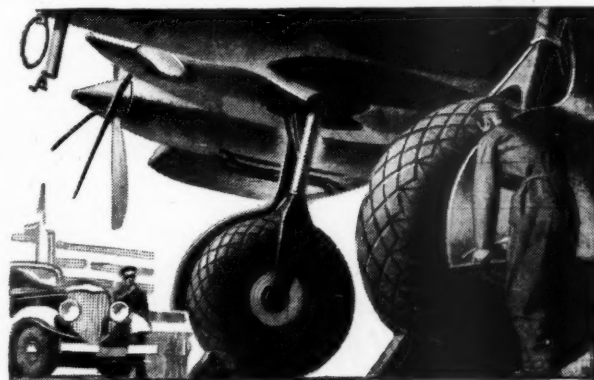
PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2 (28K)

ESTB. 1742

WHITBREAD

& Co. LTD.

*Brewers
of ale and stout
for over two centuries*



BIG WHEELS . . .

Because our generation is so used to seeing big wheels—with "giant" tyres—it is largely forgotten that the development of the giant tyre by Goodyear occurred a long time after tyres were in common use on lighter vehicles. The coming of giant tyres brought about a revolution in industry, transport and agriculture. Goods were carried more safely with negligible damage to roads; less road vibration meant lighter, faster commercial vehicles; planes landed with

cushioned safety; long distance passenger transport became a matter of speedy luxury . . . To examine the pioneering and development records of the giant pneumatic tyre is like reading a dramatic chapter from the history of Goodyear. Today, wherever "big wheels" are playing their part in the United Nations effort—there, too, is a reminder of Goodyear's guiding principle . . . never to cease in the quest for improvement.

Another

GOODYEAR

contribution to progress

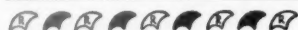
A Lancashire
War Medallist

**THESE SPLENDID
MEN...**

THESE SPLENDID
MEN must not
go unrewarded
for their work
in saving life. In
rewarding them
the Life-boat
Service has
spent over
£250,000
since war
began. Help us to pay these rewards.



**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**
Life-boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
Lt.-Col. C. R. Satterthwaite, O.B.E., Secretary



**RADIO
RENTALS**

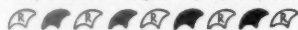
Unparalleled

war-time

SERVICE

SORRY! Owing to restricted supplies only a few sets are available in certain Provincial Towns. Enquire at Local Branch. Over 80 Branches and Depots operating to ensure Free Service, Free Replacements, etc., to the fortunate half million who rely on Radio Rentals for their listening.

Head Office: 92 Regent St., London, W.1



ASK FOR "GIN
AND ANGOSTURA"
IF YOU WANT
"PINK GIN"



**ANGOSTURA
Bitters**
AND GIN MAKE
THE ORIGINAL
"PINK GIN"

© (260)

5" x 3 1/2"

*In an advertisement of this size one has
to be concise:*

CELOTEX insulating board has the same insulating capacity as 12 times its thickness in brick. It is being used extensively in essential war buildings to conserve heat and fuel. It is equally applicable to private houses and will no doubt find a wide post-war use. This last point should arouse interest in people who favour more warmth and comfort in their homes without costly and difficult extensions of existing heating arrangements.

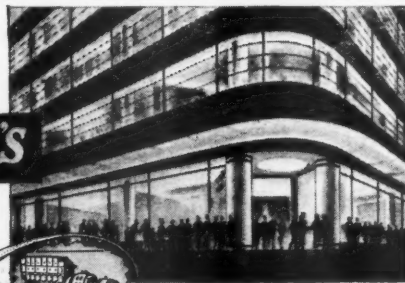
CELOTEX

Insulating, Building and Hard Boards

CELOTEX LIMITED, N. Circular Road, Stonebridge Park, London, N.W.10



THAT'S



—and that's a good reason why Departmental Stores, Large Offices, Factories, Flats, Cinemas and all types of up-to-date buildings, where generous lighting is essential, are installing modern independent

Ruston Lighting Plants

These Ruston Plants operate with very little attention, and produce steady current at an economical cost.

Ruston Oil Engine installations continue to give the high standard of service which distinguished them in peace time—and they will go on doing so.

Dependable then—Dependable now.



RUSTON & HORNSBY LTD. LINCOLN

**Healthy dogs
make good companions**



BOB MARTIN'S

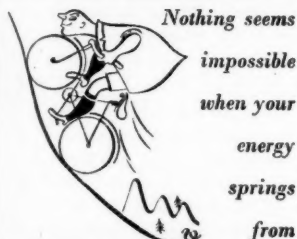
Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

**Petrole
Hahn
FOR THE
HAIR**



A perfect dressing and a sovereign specific against falling hair, scurf and dandruff. Promotes hair growth. Invigorates the scalp. Petrole Hahn is non-inflammable. 5/- and 7/6 per bottle (including Tax). Limited stocks on sale at good-class Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.



Nothing seems
impossible
when your
energy
springs
from

TUROG
BROWN BREAD



30/-

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND has declared, for the 5 years, 1939-43, a reversionary bonus of 30/- per cent. per annum compound.

The interim bonus for current claims will, for the present, be 28/- per cent. compound.

Add distinction to your bundle of life policies by including at least one bearing "the hall mark of sterling quality in mutual life assurance."



Write to your Agent
or to the Secretary

**SCOTTISH
WIDOWS'
FUND**

Head Office:
9, St. Andrew Square,
Edinburgh, 2

*A feather
for our cap*



As a rule we like to keep our advertisements modest and unassuming. But this time we believe you'll excuse us. Air filtration for service engines has caused us plenty of headaches. But they were worth it.

The other day a very senior Engineer Officer reported that, under test, our filters were 99.86% efficient.

"This" he said "is Utopian finality."

Although delighted with this approval, the 0.14% is still unsatisfactory. We're well on the way to correcting it.



BRITISH FILTERS LTD., OLD COURT, COX GREEN, MAIDENHEAD

Note these Facts

TOOTHACHE

has one thing in common with Headache, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Colds and 'Flu:

like them, it can be relieved safely and speedily by two tablets of 'Genasprin' taken in a little water.

Toothache is a danger signal that should never be disregarded: a healthy tooth does not ache. 'Genasprin' will not remove the cause of the ache—that is a matter for your dentist—but it will relieve your pain until you can consult him. 'Genasprin' will also relieve the pain that follows the extraction of a tooth. And because it soothes the whole nervous system it is a good plan to take 2 'Genasprin' tablets before you visit the dentist.

'Genasprin' is the safe, sure brand of aspirin that will not harm the heart or the digestion. And fortunately there is no longer any need to accept a substitute for it: your chemist has it in stock—prices 1/5d. and 2/3d.

**'Genasprin' kills Pain
quickly—time it!**

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

POSTAGE STAMPS

The H. R. Harmer Auctions in London and New York offer the World's best medium for the sale of rare and fine postage stamps. Sales are held weekly in both centres. British-owned properties can be sold in New York. Details of facilities and commission charges on request.

H. R. HARMER The World's Leading Stamp Auctioneer,
39-42 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
Phone: Mayfair 0218 (3 lines).



**KERFOOT'S
MEDICATED
PASTILLES**

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH-ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley
Lancashire

P1



WE
GO TO
GREAT
LENGTHS

TO GET THIS UNIFORMITY

Why, it's the same giraffe every time! Mass Production! Yes, that's our business. At Tube Products Ltd. we are producing Tru-Wel electrically welded steel tubes by the million, all absolutely uniform, in accordance with your specification—all tested and ready for your job.

TRU-WEL
ELECTRICALLY WELDED STEEL TUBES

MADE BY
TUBE PRODUCTS LTD
OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM

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A MEMBER OF THE TUBE INVESTMENTS GROUP



When
Meltis

confectionery
is obtainable
everywhere we
shall be at peace
with the world.

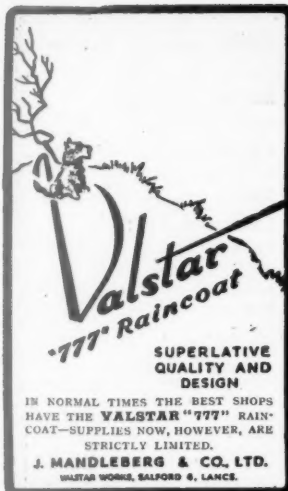
MELTIS LTD., LONDON & BEDFORD.



SAUCES
MADE FOR
THE
CONNOISSEUR
by

Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE



Valstar
"777" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS
HAVE THE **VALSTAR "777" RAIN-**
COAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE
STRICTLY LIMITED.


J. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD.
VALSTAR WORKS, SALFORD & LANC.

RATTRAY'S
7 RESERVE
TOBACCO

Many handsome letters of appreciation of Rattray's service have been received even during the war period. Some say thanks for prompt attention given, some praise the packings—all give unstinted thanks for the excellence of the tobacco and the pleasure they get from it. For Rattray's it is a great joy to know they have so many enthusiastic friends.

A customer writes from Bradford—
"As confirmed pipe smokers, we think your tobacco absolutely first class."

Obtainable only from



TOBACCO BLENDER
Forth, Scotland
Price 49/6 per lb., Post Paid
Send 12/6 for sample 1-lb.
tin, Post Free.

FROG

MODEL AEROPLANES

L.B. LTD. London

QUALITY & ACCURACY

CRANKSHAFTS
CYLINDER GRINDING
CYLINDER LINERS
CRANKSHAFT
GRINDING

HEAT TREATMENT
BRAKE DRUM LINERS
NITRIDING
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"If a job is worth doing,
it's worth doing well!"

PRIORITY ORDERS ONLY

LAYSTALL

The Motor & General Engineers

LIVERPOOL LONDON WOLVERHAMPTON

Head Office: 53, Gt. Suffolk St. E.C.1. Phone WATERLOO 6411

"Chappie's Diary"

NO.1

JULY 1st, 1944

"Still keeping my resolution to save all my bones for salvage instead of burying them. Master says they're needed for the war-effort more than ever — because this is going to be Victory year."

BONES

Let's hope that by next year Victory will bring back plenty of Chappie for all our pets. Chappie is a balanced all-round diet that keeps dogs fit and happy. A pity supplies have to be restricted during war.

SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE!

"CHAPPIE"

DOG FOOD

In air-tight jars 1/-

METAL WINDOW
Rustproof
COMPANY LIMITED

For the new generation

Building fine schools will be one of the vital post-war tasks. And Rustproof Metal Windows, giving maximum utility and durability with minimum cost of upkeep, will be available — not only for schools, but also for factories, hospitals, hotels, private homes, etc.



RUSTPROOF METAL WINDOW COMPANY LIMITED
DEVA WORKS, SALTNEY, CHESTER. LONDON OFFICE:
9, HANOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1. TEL.: MAYFAIR 2764

SHE ISN'T
DENTURE
"CONSCIOUS"
ARE YOU?

It depends on whether your dental plate effectively replaces the teeth you have lost. To do so, it must fit correctly and be kept in hygienic condition. Of course you're 'denture-conscious' if, through gum-shrinkage, your false teeth are uncomfortable, embarrassingly loose — or if they are stained and dingy. 'Forget' them by using regularly —

KOLYNOS

DENTURE POWDER | **DENTURE FIXATIVE**

for cleaning artificial teeth. 1/3 per tin. | makes false teeth fit firmly. 1/3 & 2/3

From all chemists.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
RONUK
FOR POLISHING FLOORS

Cash's
NAME TAPES

To avoid disappointment in the delivery of future supplies customers are urged to order from their Draper well in advance. We regret that in present circumstances we are unable to execute orders with our usual promptitude.

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. Pa.16, COVENTRY

USE A LITTLE
Gumption

Use a little
Gumption
SMOOTH PASTE
CLEANSER
CLEANS BATHS, COOKERS
PAINT, ETC.

SMOOTH PASTE CLEANSER

PRICES:
SIZE TWO 1/-
SIZE FIVE 2/-
SUPPLIES LIMITED

GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD
LONDON, W.C.1



FOR
Sciatica
and all kindred ills
the remedy is
CURICONES

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Don't neglect your hair!

With so much less Brylcreem to use these days the care of your hair is all the more important. Guard against a tight scalp — so frequently the cause of scurf, falling hair and baldness. Every night and morning finger-tip massage your scalp for half-a-minute to keep it loose on your skull. A massage twice daily, together with a *very* few drops of Brylcreem every few days, will help to keep your hair healthy and good looking.

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London, W.1

royds 791

Mice, too, are a
MENACE



● In waging war against the rat population, the menace of the mouse must not be overlooked. As the number of rats is diminished the way is left open for mice to step in and take over the destruction of food stuffs.

● The British Ratin Company will help you with your particular problem. The Company offers a nation-wide service, based on scientific and well-tested principles, by surveyors and operators highly skilled in the destruction of rats and mice.

To guard against re-invasion of premises where infestation has once been brought under control, the Ratin Service includes provision for careful inspection at regulated intervals.

RATIN SERVICE

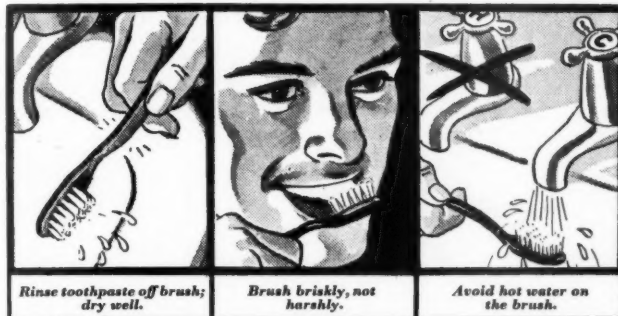
NO PREPARATIONS FOR SALE
SERVICE ONLY

Write to-day and ask our Surveyor to call and explain how the Ratin Service deals with rats and mice.

THE BRITISH RATIN CO. LTD.
125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: ABBey 7621

HOW TO MAKE YOUR Wisdom LAST LONGER



Rinse toothpaste off brush; dry well.

Brush briskly, not harshly.

Avoid hot water on the brush.

THE Wisdom Toothbrush is known as the longest-lived toothbrush. It will outlast 3 ordinary bristle brushes. Yet the following simple rules will make it last even longer: (1) Rinse toothpaste off brush; dry well. (2) Brush briskly, not harshly. (3) Avoid hot water on the brush.

Wisdom
TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED, MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

DEPENDABILITY



Royal National Life-boat Institution was founded 120 years ago, and to-day it has a proud fleet of 157 life-boats, all but six being motor driven. During the present war, these vessels have rescued 5,661 lives — with strict impartiality for friend or foe. When you remember that, since 1824, the Institution has given rewards for the rescue of 73,057 lives from the terrors of the sea, it calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE PETROL AND IMPROVE ENGINE PERFORMANCE

CHAMPION

PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

**The face of a man
in battle is firm,
resolute, unfaltering.
He has to be
that kind of man.
We, who back him up,
have to be
that kind of people.
We also must be firm,
resolute
in self-denying effort—
to SALUTE
THE FIGHTING FORCES
with more
and yet more saving!**

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 15-20, Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1, and published by them weekly, with one additional summer issue and one additional winter issue at 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, July 5, 1944.



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/3 - 25 for 3/9
100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. airtight tin 5/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD IN THEIR 100th YEAR